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JULY 22, 1983

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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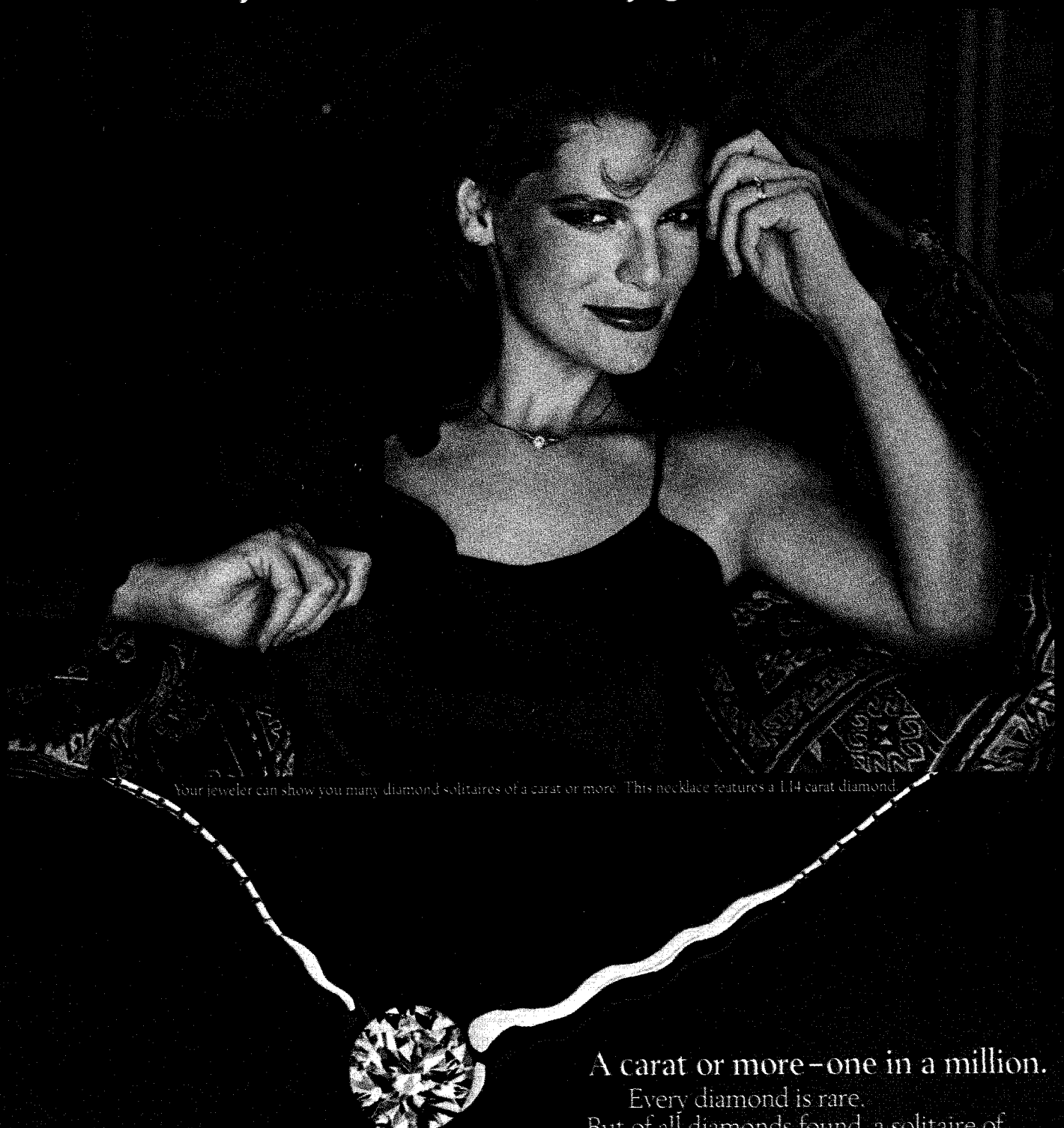

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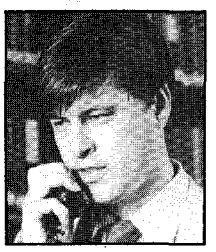

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The Templeton Address

872 'Men Have Forgotten God'
The Soviet Union may indeed be, as the President has said, the focus of evil in the modern world. But, argues the great Russian novelist, the events of our time have also shown the susceptibility of the West to "satanic temptation," in the form of the "nuclear umbrella." At bottom is the same root, which needs no more refined name than the one preferred by simple religious folk: godlessness. On every continent, in every heart, the cause is the same. Even organized Christianity suffers from the infection. *Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn*

Articles & Columns

864 The Galling Gap
The "gender gap" is real, and it's serious. The Reagan team will have to do something about it by 1984. But there's also a bright side: the Democrats face a gap of their own. *John McLaughlin*

865 Thatcher and the World
The Iron Lady can now afford a radical foreign policy. She had better put into practice what she has put so well into words: her insight into what the Soviets are up to, and what the West must do about it. *Brian Crozier*

867 On from Liberalism
Walter Mondale, still liberal after all these years, wants to do something for everyone. The trouble is that everyone is going to have to pay, and not everyone is actually going to gain. Nevertheless, the candidate seems content to play out the old script as long as it gives him a shot at the starring role. Meanwhile, he stresses his important role in a previous Administration, though he's rather vague as to which one. *Richard Brookhiser*

878 To Fight or to Appease
The liberal party line has changed: Nobody still pretends that the leftist forces in Central America are "democratic" socialists, independent of Moscow and Havana. But the policy prescription remains the same: laissez-faire. *Michael Novak*

Books Arts & Manners

879 Cyrus Vance, paleface, and Zbigniew Brzezinski, redskin, have written their memoirs. **Francis B. Randall** compares their notes. . . . **Herbert Kenny** rejoices at Hugh Kenner's accounts of modern Irish writers. . . . David Evanier captures Jewish New York in *The One-Star Jew*. **Milton Hindus** enjoys, enjoys. . . . **Christopher Buckley** greets journalist Geoffrey Norman's first novel. . . . **D. Keith Mano** reviews the autobiography of Iggy Pop. . . . **Joseph Sobran** watches the press reveal itself on the tube. . . . **John Simon** groans at Ingmar Bergman's farewell film. . . . **Nika Hazelton** visits New York's newest atria, and invites you to do so too.

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Letters

Labour and the Workingman

Thank you for giving us such a clear analysis of the Labour Party's platform in Anthony Lejeune's article on the recent British election ["Margaret Is Our Darling," July 8]. I am sure that we can all bid it farewell with few regrets—though Conservatives, I suppose, will miss having free campaign literature. It is encouraging to speculate about Britain's future, and about her future relationship with the United States. The most revealing development (and, may we hope, an enduring one) is the dissociation of the Labour Party from the laboring people.

Clara Edmondson
St. Paul, Minn.

Thanks

It is not often that I find myself moved to tears by an article, but as I read Cornel Petrassevich's story ["A Papal Audience," May 27], and particularly the account of his "completed mission," my eyes watered and my heart swelled.

Walter Van Zandt Windsor
Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Bishops Off-Track

It seems that Mr. Novak ["The Bishops Speak Out," June 10] has made a case for a positive attitude toward the bishops' pastoral letter on nuclear weapons. Personally, I share Archbishop Hannan's view in opposition to it and greatly admire the stand he took. My main concern is the inordinate time and attention the bishops gave to this issue, which should have been given to matters spiritual.

I wonder how much good could be accomplished if the bishops spent as much time in an effort to protect the life of the unborn. Such a concentration of effort would go a long way toward stopping the kind of holocaust we witness each year in the deaths of millions of innocent babies. Isn't it ironic that the very holocaust the bishops want to prevent is happening each day.

Dud Lastrapes, Mayor
Lafayette, La.

The American bishops have, in fact, opted for the odious notion of "Better Red than dead." Their moral ban on nuclear weapons will be totally unheeded by the Red Eminences in Moscow (and in Peking), not only because the latter are contemptuous of genuine pacifism, but because they are dedicated anti-theists and their response to suicidal Catholic moralizing could only be sardonic laughter.

Were the bishops' lesson on political morality carried to its ultimate conclusion, the future would be Red indeed, but our survival far from being ensured: The internecine ideological conflict (that has seemingly subsided, but in fact continues) between Moscow and Peking may still turn the planet into ashes.

The bishops, instead of taking this detour into the realm of grand strategy, should have concentrated on finding ways to stop the moral decline in their own nation.

Laszlo T. Kiss
New York, N.Y.

Careless Compromise

I read Lincoln C. Oliphant's article, "Toward a New ERA?" [June 24], with both cheers and jeers. While I agree with Mr. Oliphant that the 1972 Equal Rights Amendment was dangerously simple, I hardly think the answer is a compromise amendment intended to avert only the most obvious damage.

I am afraid that Mr. Oliphant could do more harm than the National Organization for Women. The 1972 ERA, in its blatant absurdity, was barely defeated; a compromise ERA might carry the day and still damage and confuse the relationship between men and women.

If the status quo is, as Mr. Oliphant says, unacceptable, then perhaps what we need is an amendment establishing the right of individuals to distinguish between male and female.

Brian P. Mitchell
Fayetteville, N.C.

Protectionism Proper?

In "Aliens and Paperwork" ["The Week," June 10], you support the concept of controlling illegal aliens by penalizing the employers of undocumented workers. You also assert that the Simpson-Mazzoli bill is philosophically similar to the Solomon amendment. I must disagree.

Unlike the Solomon amendment, Simpson-Mazzoli imposes not only a paperwork burden, but also a substantial economic burden. The penalizing of employers using illegal aliens is clearly a move to protect American labor markets. Why, after all, would an American employer hire an alien rather than an American? Only because the wage cost is lower. To limit access to such labor is to drive up the cost of goods. American consumers complain of the high cost of produce while American farmers complain about the low market value of their crops. If access to cheap labor is limited, the result will be a trickle of jobs for American menial labor-

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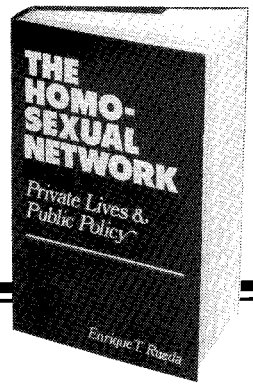

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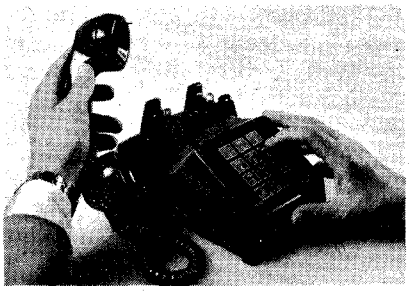

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ers, legions of complaining consumers, and more Ataris moving to where the cheap labor can be legally bought.

At a time when American labor has all but priced itself out of the market through collective bargaining and unions, such protectionism is out of place. My suggestion is to allow guest workers into this country to create more of that "healthy competition" we all want.

John F. Navratil
Houston, Tex.

Hmmm

Just as a point of information, the spelling of the word "Hmong" in Michael Scully's column ["Yellow Rain and Soviet Cheating," June 10] is incorrect. The only possible spelling is Hmong—capital *H*, lower-case *m*, no apostrophe. *Hm* is used in the transcription of Hmong as a digraph, that is, a two-letter combination used to spell a single sound—like English *sh*, *th*, *ch*, and *ng*. The sound, should anyone be interested, is a voiceless *m*. As it happens, most Hmong in the U.S. speak a dialect of the language which doesn't use that sound, and so pronounce it "mong," but they still spell it with the *H*.

Scott DeLancey
Eugene, Ore.

Ideology vs. Reality

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's article, "Is Ideology Useless?" [June 10], makes sense if it is saying that conservatives need to move toward a clearer set of principles as the basis for action. However, his insistence on applying the same term, ideology, to the world outlooks of both Left and Right creates serious problems.

It is obvious to anyone who has studied the "ideas" of the Left at all carefully that these ideas spring from a way of experiencing the world which is highly abnormal, that they represent a radically subjectivistic form of thought which does not attempt to know reality but rather to escape from or abolish it. By contrast, normal thinking has being as its object and thus seeks to *know* the world. The action that emerges from it seeks to protect and uphold the world's structures, not to destroy them.

By using one term, ideology, to cover both these forms of thought, Kuehnelt-Leddihn obscures the radical difference between them. Maintaining consciousness of the distinction is essential.

George A. Kendall
Lansing, Mich.

Conservative Culture

Jeffrey Hart, in his comments on the Philadelphia Society meeting ["Reagan at the Drake," June 10], seemed to miss the points Otto Scott and Leopold Tyrmand were making in the first session.

Mr. Scott's presentation focused on

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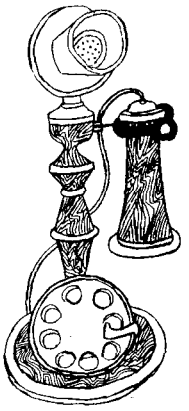

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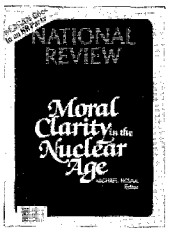

your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are back in style on the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.

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the lack of cultural direction provided by conservatives in the United States. Whereas Marxists have recognized the importance of using art as a medium through which to inculcate their values in the viscera of their intended victims, conservatives tend to ignore the realm of culture and concentrate on the political or the economic. Mr. Tyrmand's remarks centered on the philosophical conservatism that exists in the arts, a tradition that engages such seemingly nonconservative figures as Oscar Wilde and Marcel Proust. Mr. Tyrmand said that that tradition must be brought to light and formulated by conservative thinkers and writers if they are to succeed in the battle for the *minds* of the people. He noted that the foes against whom the struggle must be waged are popularly potent and philosophically spent—the Vonneguts, Mailers, and Vidals—but that there can be no conservative "victory" until such are supplanted from their niches on university reading lists and B. Dalton bookshelves. Were the remarks of Mr. Scott and Mr. Tyrmand "gloomy"? Yes, but only for those who fear a challenge.

Gary S. Vasilash
Associate Editor
Chronicles of Culture
Rockford, Ill.

Deeper Understanding

I wish to take exception to your characterization of Hindu culture as "filthy, superstitious, violent" ["Indira's Oscar," June 10]. I was shocked to read such an unfair and ignorant statement in *NR*.

A deeper understanding and appreciation of Eastern cultures by the West, as well as an adoption of right-wing in place of left-wing Western economics in nations like India, are the keys to a better world and the elimination of Marxism.

William H. Atkinson
Cincinnati, Ohio

Origin in Design

The five basic biological processes that Joseph Mangold describes in his letter [June 24] on Russell Kirk's "The Rediscovery of Creation" [May 27] do a fine job of explaining the great variation that exists within created kinds of living things. Those processes, however, cannot explain the origin of life itself and the vast information content within the DNA molecules of even the simplest living things. The exact relationship between structure and function so evident within the living world argues eloquently for the existence of a Divine Creator and Designer.

George T. Thompson Jr.
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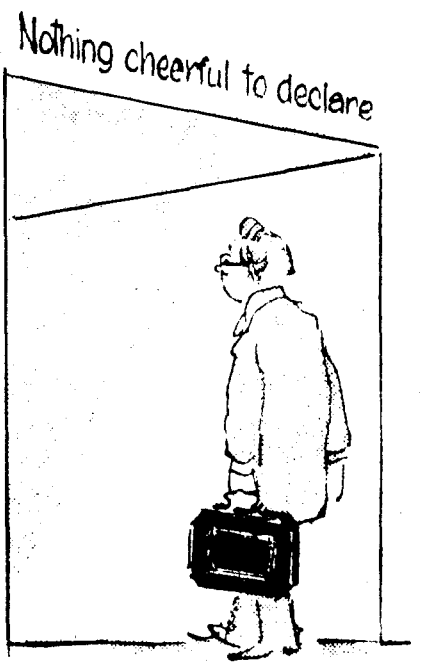
FOR THE RECORD

■ Just about from the horse's mouth: Vice President **George Bush**, in Ireland on last lap of European trip, commented that **Ronald Reagan** has decided to run for re-election and he "has generously asked me to be his running-mate again." . . . With things at a midsummer crawl politically, the latest **David Garth** analysis shows Reagan now topping both **Mondale** and **Glenn** in popularity, a flip-flop from a month earlier. Garth threw **Ted Kennedy**'s name into the poll but even Kennedy didn't generate much enthusiasm. He got only 25 per cent of the vote, as against 23 for Glenn, 17 for Mondale. . . . With his bipartisan approach on Social Security, MX, working out pretty well, Reagan is said to be considering appointing bipartisan commission on Central America. Washington reports are he's already talked to Sen. **Henry Jackson** (D., Wash.) and House Majority Leader **Jim Wright** about it. . . . Black leaders continue to complain they have gotten raw deal from Reagan White House, but they don't try to ingratiate themselves, as recent statement by NAACP Chairman **Benjamin Hooks**, rejecting idea of black presidential candidacy, shows: "Since we are so frightened by the Reagan system of government, our primary concern should be ridding the nation of that system." . . . On plus side, recent poll in *Public Opinion* shows Americans far less dovish than peaceniks would have us believe. Would you accept Soviet domination rather than risk war? Yes, 7 per cent; no, 93 per cent.

■ Polish radio and TV crews kept their coverage of Pope **John Paul**'s visit to minimum, and managed not to cover Solidarity demonstrations, but Poles got the full story from Radio Free Europe, which upped its broadcast time into Poland from 7 to 22 hours daily during visit. Says RFE President **James L. Buckley**: "We were able to pick up, from Western correspondents who were there, their tapes, their sound, and all the significant public statements made by the Pope, and we got that right back into Poland"—and, incidentally, into Czechoslovakia and other Eastern European countries. . . . General **Jaruzelski**, by the way, has just received the Order of **Lenin**, Soviet Union's highest award, "in recognition of his services in the development of the fraternal friendship and cooperation" between Poland and the USSR. . . . Brussels has reported the arrest of **Arwid Spreu**, an East Berlin professor who was carrying more than $200,000 in cash, apparently to bankroll Western European peace operations—same guy, it turns out, who was picked up by Dutch counter-intelligence in Rotterdam last November, bent on same business. . . .



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

Andropov giveth and Andropov taketh away. The same week that 15 Pentecostals were permitted to depart Russia for Israel (23 years after first requesting emigration visas), the KGB cracked down on Seventh Day Adventists in Uzbekistan, throwing many of them into jail. . . . **Roland Jahn**, an enterprising East German, has found a way to go West without climbing the Wall. He joined the peace movement and was stripped of his citizenship, hustled onto a train, and sent into exile in West Germany. . . . **Olof Palme** and **Willy Brandt**'s Socialist International now has a rival, the newly formed International Democratic Union, **Margaret Thatcher** and **Helmut Kohl** among the founding fathers, to propagate centrist and rightist ideas internationally.

■ Guys & Dolls: *Human Events* reminds NASA, which made a great fuss over **Jane Fonda** when she turned up for **Sally Ride**'s ride, that Miss Fonda once told a college audience: "If you understood what Communism was, you would hope, you would pray on your knees that we would someday become Communist." . . . Sadness: **Bella Abzug** has been elected Democratic Committeewoman from New York. . . . *New York Review of Books* has given up on **Rosenbergs**. **Ronald Radosh**'s review of updated *Invitation to an Inquest* concludes the Rosenbergs "did indeed take part in an espionage conspiracy. . . . They are not blameless martyrs." . . . At **Mme. Tussaud**'s, last year's vote for most hated people of all time went: **Adolf Hitler**, Margaret Thatcher, Ronald Reagan, **Dracula**.

■ Going the rounds in Washington: The bad news is that Reagan has AIDS. The good news is that his case is curable. They are named **Baker**, **Darman**, **Stockman**, and **Gergen**.

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THE WEEK

■ In re the stolen briefing book: Has anyone suggested a presidential pardon for all concerned?

■ Unable to shape history, some Democrats are now trying to rewrite it, according to a group of Republican congressmen who have seen words put into their mouths in official transcripts of House hearings. Remarks made at two different hearings—on the EPA and on silver prices—were altered to make the Republicans look like bad guys. One example: "Many members of the other party know that I am willing to take part in reasonable hearings," said Representative Robert S. Walker (R., Pa.) last summer at an EPA hearing. The published record has the quote, "Many members of the other party know that I am *not* willing to take part in reasonable hearings." Republican Whip Trent Lott claims that the campaign is not just an "isolated dirty trick." The House Ethics Committee began an investigation on July 1 and believes a Democratic committee staffer to be behind the, ah, editing. Some Democrats claim that the GOP uproar over the altered transcripts is nothing more than an effort to get the heat off President Reagan's press troubles. Nice try, but the Republican complaint dates back to mid-June, previous to the other business. Meanwhile, we see the Democrats taking the interesting position that kibitzing is worse than forgery.

■ James Fallows reviews in *The Atlantic* Kenneth Adelman's trip through the Senate wringer while being confirmed director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. In passing, Fallows sheds considerable light on the probity of Adelman's chief tormentor, Paul Tsongas. Tsongas, "a man with a quick, debater-style mind" (this was written, to be sure, before he tangled with Orrin Hatch over the ERA), wanted Adelman's hide no matter what. "We pursued every scum angle we could think of," Fallows quotes a staffer. Tsongas's minions checked into Adelman's African art collection—was it stolen? Tsongas called the Tanzanian ambassador to pursue the ludicrous rumor that Adelman said his boss "swings from trees." Only Senator Boschwitz (R., Minn.) actually read the dozen articles Adelman had written on the subject of arms control. Tsongas dragged the hearing out to stir up public opinion, and threatened a filibuster. When the public registered its indifference, he settled for a three-day debate. Adelman won comfortably, 57 to 42, and Tsongas said graciously, "A few more like this, and I don't think there will be much left of NATO." Four months later, NATO is still there. So, alas, is Tsongas.

■ Colman McCarthy, mad-dog columnist of the *Washington Post*, has flailed at Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn for, of all things, "stridency." (He also squeezed in "shrillest," "apocalyptic," "zealot," and "ravings." Quite a moderate, McCarthy.) As McCarthy sums up Solzhenitsyn's remarks in a recent interview, "Anyone not in perpetual rage against the Soviet government must therefore be in the pocket of the Kremlin." To its credit, the *Post* felt constrained to print the relevant portion of the interview, in which Solzhenitsyn speaks of all those non-Communists who travel to Soviet-sponsored congresses: "I don't want to say that all these people have been bought, bribed, or are without conscience. They just see an excellent opportunity, as it were, to express their opinions." McCarthy suggests helpfully: "With a less narrow mind, he could increase his strength and credibility by joining groups like Amnesty [International] and some of the disarmament organizations." With a less narrow mind, McCarthy could increase his credibility by joining groups like Liberty Lobby.

■ Bendectin is the only drug approved by the FDA for use in the treatment of morning sickness, an ailment which, in aggravated cases, can cause serious nutritional deficiencies in pregnant women and their unborn children. Soon it will not be available. While the FDA and writers in the *New England Journal of Medicine* and *Teratology* find that there is no evidence that the drug causes birth defects, juries have ruled otherwise. In two recent decisions, damages have been awarded to families who claimed that their children's birth defects were caused by the drug. Thirteen days after the second decision, the Merrell Dow company withdrew Bendectin from the market; rising insurance payments and the cost of fighting court cases had made continued manufacture uneconomic. We are left with a scientifically unwarranted deprivation. As the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists observes, without the drug there is "a sig-

Jimmy's Briefing Book

I don't like David Stockman's smirk;
  His use of "filched" was most unwise.
If this was Casey's handiwork,
  The spook should really vaporize.
As for the President, it's time
  To play the part of Caesar's wife.
Most voters wouldn't pay a dime
  For re-runs starring Mack the Knife.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Summer may be the silly season in the nation's capital, but this July's silliness is being taken seriously by practically everyone who remembers the trauma of Watergate, and sees the surface similarities between it and "Debategate." The possibility that a crime was actually committed is rated low on the jitters scale by White House types, but Carterites and other Democrats can still get a lot of mileage out of what is loosely termed "campaign ethics."

Democrats, Carterites, and the overwrought press are also treating the potential scandal very soberly because they see that it could boomerang. Laurence Barrett broke the story of the "filched" Carter debate papers in his new book, *Gambling with History*, a story that he had offered to his editors at *Time*. They judged it un-newsworthy, and chose not to publish it. Other reporters (at least two, says Barrett) also had the Debategate info, but their editors likewise chose to ignore it. So how come a non-story of 1981 has become a prodigious media event of mid-1983? Answer: The White House press corps, having agonized for the past several months over whether it has been too soft on Ronald Reagan, has opted to red-dog the President to show how macho it really is.

Carterites and some other Democrats see Debategate as a political bonanza, 16 months before a presidential election in which Ronald Reagan has preempted all the big issues (even education). So they are energetically stoking the fires—with, however, a measure of caution, since the furnace could explode in their faces if the public gets the notion that the charge is hollow.

As for Messrs. Powell and Caddell, the street cynicism here is that these two sore losers want to beef up their lecture fees, and the sales of Jody's book. Both are a little concerned, too (along with other Carterites), that the FBI (or, heaven forbid, a special prosecutor) might look into whether the Federal Election Act was violated by Carter White House aides who expended thousands of man-hours compiling the voluminous briefing book while being paid with taxpayers' money.

Of all the Debategate players, David Stockman stands in the innermost core of the controversy. He was the Carter stand-in during the four days of mock debate, October 24 to 27, 1980, with access to all the best propaedeutic materials; he used the words "pilfer" and "filch" to describe how the Carter papers reached him; he described the documentation as "useful."

Stockman takes the position (communicated to Cato) that the Caddell/Powell story, which is that the Reagan team was in possession of a sophisticated Carter debate book that provided a master design analogous to a Superbowl play book (and so critically tilted the debate), is folderol. If this were the case, notes Stockman, how is it that during those four days of intensive debate preparation at Wexford, Virginia, none of the heavy hitters participating—Casey, Meese, Deaver, Baker, Wirthlin, and others—ever referred to, mentioned, cited, or cued off anything in the Carter debate bible? There was no clustering around a briefing book, no observing that Carter would take this angle on this issue so what Reagan would have to do is come out over here.

Instead, after the mock debate had run, with its two minutes of counter-response, a session followed for an hour or two during which the heavies dredged their political acumen to come up with all kinds of advice on how Reagan could answer better. Conclusion: No one in the Reagan team had the highly produced book that Pat Caddell has been parading around town like a rhinestone cowboy holding up his saddle. What Stockman did have was about two pounds of the public record of the Carter Administration provided by the Reagan campaign committee. Stockman found the materials "useful" because they were a convenient encyclopedia of Carter's positions on issues, which Stockman, then a congressman, needed badly and immediately, having been pulled off his own Michigan re-election campaign on the Tuesday before the Friday that the Wexford exercises were to begin, with about one day to devour and be able to regurgitate the Carter record in lines that would carry the most force and unction in his face-off with Mr. Reagan. As for the words "pilfer" and "filch," these were uttered with oratorical and celebrity license, by a 33-year-old whiz-kid congressman who has since grown up enough to be the best Administration spokesman on the budget, particularly its fairness for all strata, when this will be a prime target of the Democrats' campaign rhetoric. The call for Stockman's scalp by some Reaganites is evidence more of their hotheadedness than of his culpability.

Instead of intramural scalp-hunting, the Administration should lower its voice, let the authorities at Justice proceed apace, keep cool—and by mid-August, in the swelter of Washington's heat, Debategate will slump to the pavement.

—CATO

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nificant therapeutic gap." The Naderite Public Citizen Health Research Group celebrated this latest triumph of superstition.

■ Footnote to the Fourth of July. The originating documents provide little comfort to the pacifist tendency in our current politics. The Declaration announces that "as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do." The Preamble to the Constitution established among the goals of the new government that it "provide for the common defense . . . and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Was the McGovern candidacy unconstitutional?

■ In the wake of his visit to Poland, Pope John Paul II is being widely described as "playing politics" —sometimes with the charge that he is thus doing what he has forbidden other priests to do. Did the pontiff merely ban left-wing politics while practicing right-wing politics himself? Not exactly. What the accusations imply is that the various styles of present-day governance are all essentially alike, that differences between Left and Right have only to do with concrete "issues." The truth is that the differences are far profounder. The Left—socialism in all its permu-

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tations—has removed all limits from the scope of state power. When John Paul deals with a Jaruzelski, he is not taking sides in a conventional political contest, he is trying to restore the rational limits of politics against the claims of totalitarianism. To demand that he behave otherwise is to accept socialism's right to define its own sphere of power, consigning religion to whatever residual space the state chooses to leave.

■ The arrival in Prague of a peace delegation from the West drew this comment, published in the *Times* of London, from an anonymous Czech: "Your movement [the Western peace movement] makes life more difficult for your rulers, because you submit them to open criticism. But our rulers—who are subject to no criticism whatsoever—merely add your voices to their arsenal. If we were to attempt to express our opinions concerning the preconditions for peace—to take the most pertinent example, the absence of an occupying army from our national territory—our rulers would receive and entertain us also, but in prison."

■ Robert Kaiser on François Mitterrand (the *Washington Post*, July 3, 1983): "Here Jimmy Carter is a good comparison. By all accounts, Mitterrand has matched Carter's standard for political ineptitude." And they said it couldn't be done.

■ But just in case you suppose our legal system is in respectable shape, and in particular the bizarre network of regulations that enforces supposedly equal rights, there is before the Supreme Court a landmark case that is to settle the question of equal pregnancy benefits for men.

■ *NR* hereby offers a free one-year subscription to the first network correspondent who asks a Democratic presidential candidate what he plans to do about his party's flagging support among male voters.

■ Moral: Never send a Stockman to do a Liddy's job.

■ "French Socialists Losing Support"—news headline. So *that's* what all those riots and demonstrations are about.

■ And we say the papers were stolen by Teddy's Harvard roommate.

Yankee Bargaining

Beware the arms-control credibility-gap trap: The more you try to prove your commitment to arms control, the more you undermine your position at the bargaining table. The Reagan Administration has fallen headlong into the trap, and escape from its entanglements will not come easily. The trap was first set when the Administration, worried about its public image and the growing strength of the nuclear-freeze movement, began to modify its initial arms-control proposals in order to mollify the critics. The headlong fall came when the President, in order to sell the MX missile and the B-1 bomber on Capitol Hill, allowed himself to be drawn into a kind of contract with Congress: Strategic modernization would go forward only so long as the Administration could demonstrate its "seriousness" about arms control. Since there are dozens of points at which controversial weapons programs can be blocked in Congress, the Administration's defense policy and arms-control strategy thus became hostage to the whims of several dozen senators and representatives whose votes were rather shaky to begin with.

That is only the beginning of the trap. Its real mercilessness shows up at the bargaining table. The only way to convince the doubters of the seriousness of one's arms-control commitment is to come home from Geneva with an agreement, duly signed, endorsed, and blessed by a bona-fide representative of the Kremlin. Ah, there's the rub. For the Kremlin, infinitely patient in such matters, is in no hurry to sign any such agreement, least of all with an Administration that could thus silence the critics of its military programs. Among those critics, after all, are persons the USSR would prefer to see on the other side of the table come 1985. Moscow can simply twiddle its thumbs and denounce Reagan, confident that such twiddling and denouncing will be taken by the critics as "proof" of the Administration's lack of commitment to arms control. Great pressures will be brought to bear on the Administration to make concessions. Once this point is reached, serious negotiations do indeed become impossible. The only sort of agreement the Russians are likely to sign between now and November 1984 would be either trivial or of such a nature that no self-respecting U.S. Administration would dare bring it home.

The remarkable thing about this situation is that we have done it to ourselves. A few months ago, when the Administration was still holding firm to its initial "zero option," Senator Percy stated boldly that we must not allow the Soviets the moral advantage of being the first to make a concession. An astonishing insight, really. Since that time, the Administration has backed down from the "zero option" and said it would consider interim solutions. It has also modified its bargaining position in the START talks, so as not to be accused of striking too severely at Soviet sensibilities. To top it off, the Administration has said it would give serious consideration to any and all proposals from the other side. To all of which the Russians have continued to twiddle and say, "Nyet!" Now voices are being heard to the effect

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that we must not allow the Soviet Union the moral advantage of making the second concession . . . and the third . . . and the fourth. At this rate we will moral-advantage ourselves to death.

It is ironic enough that when it comes to arms control we Yankees spend all of our time bargaining with each other; it is downright pathetic what concessions we manage to extract. In driving for a hard Yankee bargain, Yankee stubbornness is being aimed in the wrong direction.

Hey, Guys

Pity the poor Democrats. In order to be nominated, the presidential hopefuls must stake out "strong" positions on defense: anti-MX, anti-B-1, anti-space-laser, pro-freeze. In so doing, however, they risk the possibility that someone will pay attention.

Representative Les Aspin (D., Wis.), taking alarm, has urged all the would-be standard-bearers to cool it. Democrats "ought to be able to stake out a position to the left of Ronald Reagan and not be crazy." Instead, their rhetoric "leads you to believe they are all the way off on the edge." Mondale, Cranston, and Hart are "falling all over each other to be more anti-nuclear . . . denouncing nuclear weapons in more catchy phrases and taking more extreme positions." In fact, each candidate "has a more complicated defense position, but what's coming through is the perception."

Oh really? Walter Mondale, that great complexifier, opposes the MX missile, the B-1 bomber, and the Reagan proposals to develop space technology. Mr. Complexity would rely instead on cruise missiles and the Trident submarine, both of them programs he voted against many times while a senator (see also p. 867). He wants to resubmit SALT II to the Senate, and says the freeze "should be our first priority."

Alan Cranston calls the MX "a missile without a mission." He boasts that he was "pushing for arms control before the word 'freeze' became part of the political vocabulary." He supports the freeze strongly.

Gary Hart has worked hard to construct a reputation as a "military reformer"—a school of thought which holds that our defense is encumbered with worthless weaponry and outdated strategies. It is a serious criticism—when made seriously. In the meantime, Hart opposes the B-1 and the MX, and wants to resubmit SALT II. He supports the freeze.

John Glenn, former Marine colonel, backs the B-1, but opposes the MX. He has endorsed the freeze.

Ernest Hollings opposes the MX and the B-1 and advocates a 3 per cent growth rate in military spending—seven percentage points behind the rate suggested by the Administration, two percentage points behind the rate endorsed by Congress. He backs the freeze.

Not all of these positions are ludicrous. Reasonable men have differed over the size and shape of the MX. What is noteworthy is the convergence on so many issues by all the candidates, from the astronaut to the 69-year-old Cranston—a convergence epitomized by their universal embrace of the freeze. The Democrats, as individuals, agree because, as individuals, they have chosen to remain in the Democratic Party —which believes, as a corporate body, that America is overdefended. A position that, Les Aspin senses (correctly), makes for a bad perception.

Strategy, Please?

In theory, the three branches of the Federal Government are equal and independent. In practice, one of those branches is more equal and more independent than the other two.

That's what Senator Hatch learned again when his proposed constitutional amendment was defeated in the Senate, 50 to 49. It needed two-thirds of both Houses in order to go to the state legislatures for ratification. The amendment read: "A right to abortion is not secured by this Constitution."

In effect, the Court now has the prerogative of amending the Constitution at its whim. The only check on this power is the formal amending process, which the Court itself can bypass. In a pinch Congress can curb the Court's jurisdiction, but the Court, for that very reason, seldom antagonizes Congress. Meanwhile, the state legislatures are defenseless against the Court's power grabs.

The abortion issue illustrates this perfectly. In *Roe* v. *Wade* the Court discovered in the Constitution a right that no serious scholar had ever seen there. It asserted this right in a flimsily reasoned act of "raw judicial power," as Justice White observed in his dissent. The abortion laws of all fifty states were swept away, and those states had no means of reclaiming their usurped prerogatives.

In a gesture of profound reverence toward its own errors, the Court recently invoked *stare decisis* to reiterate (without having to defend) *Roe*. (Where was *stare decisis* in 1973?) It made a mockery of Alexander Hamilton's soothing argument that the Court, having no real power, would always have to justify

Fire When Ready, Olof

With a catch in his voice and a terrible twitch,
Mr. Palme chose fighting instead of a switch.
Now, when Soviet subs snoop around once again,
His commanders, who've endlessly counted to ten,
Have permission to shoot without killing careers,
As the Swedish prime minister covers his ears.

W. H. von Dreele

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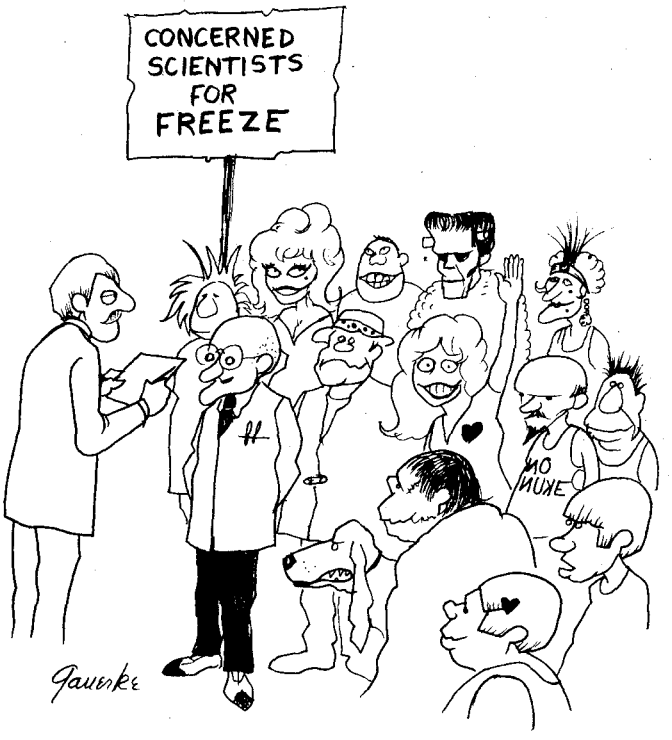

"We of the scientific community are more aware than most that a single strike would mean the end of civilization as we know it."

itself by reasoning cogently. Today's Court has so much power that it can refuse to reason at all. Its arbitrariness is taken for granted.

Practically, this means that the Court can continue imposing the liberal agenda in the name of the Constitution as long as liberals control a third of either House of Congress. Counteracting the Court's follies on an ad hoc basis will therefore continue to be exhausting and futile: The lumbering amending process simply can't be used to *repeal* what are virtually the Court's discretionary amendments to the Constitution.

Senator Helms's Human Life Bill, or some similar approach, has the great advantage of avoiding a contest with the Court on the Court's chosen ground. Writing for the majority in *Roe*, Justice Blackmun offered as his reason for denying the personhood of the fetus the lack of scientific substantiation for the judgment that life begins at some point before viability. Congress, by simple majorities, can declare that the evidence is now in. If not this Congress, then the next one. The Court may not like that, but so far it has shown a marked reluctance to pick on someone its own size.

Divided We Stand

"We have publicly rebuffed our detractors by strengthening our unity more than ever before." If barely managing to sit down together in the same room is a definition of unity, then this declaration by Mengistu Haile Mariam at the end of the 19th Summit Conference of the Organization of African Unity was substantially correct. If unity implies a convergence of views, then the newly chosen chairman of the OAU was no nearer the truth in his closing remarks than he had been in his opening address, a litany of anti-Americanism.

The OAU has been badly split since February 1982, when the Polisario guerrillas, fighting with Libyan support to separate Western Sahara from Morocco, were granted membership. Morocco forthwith organized a 19-nation boycott of the organization that made it impossible to convene a summit scheduled for Tripoli last August. A second attempt to meet fizzled in November over the issue of who should represent Sudan. The summit conference finally managed to meet in Addis Ababa last month only because the Polisario Front, under tremendous pressure not to let the OAU collapse, "voluntarily" withdrew its delegation.

The by-passing of Tripoli in favor of Addis Ababa effectively deprived Libya's Muammar el-Qaddafi of a prize he had long sought: a chance to host and thus chair the OAU. Ever one to rise to the occasion, Qaddafi stormed out of the Addis Ababa gathering on its opening day, trailing a parade of female, spike-booted, Soviet-armed bodyguards behind him. Qaddafi's defeat was seen by some Western observers as a failure also of Soviet diplomacy, though it is unclear why Moscow would prefer Qaddafi to Mengistu, a Soviet client who is at once more loyal and less loony.

In the end, the sole achievement of the summit was an agreement calling for a ceasefire and referendum in Western Sahara. President Félix Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast praised the agreement and the fact that the summit took place at all as signs of growing moderation in Africa. "Wisdom has won out," he said.

Exactly what has won out remains to be seen. The agreement on Western Sahara is highly fragile and may prove impossible to implement. Meanwhile, the African delegates to the summit can ponder how to go about moderately implementing OAU Secretary General Edem Kodjo's appeal to build nuclear weapons as a counter to those South Africa is presumed already to possess. Kodjo's tenure in office expired at the summit, incidentally, leading to a tremendous row over who would succeed him. One day beyond the appointed closing time and more than twenty ballots later, the succession issue remained unresolved, and the summit ended in almost as much disarray as it had begun in. And this was hardly the only issue dividing Africa, though it was one of the more benign. For starters, we might also mention the Ethiopian-Somali conflict, the Eritrean rebellion, the ongoing civil wars in Angola and Sudan, guerrilla struggles in Namibia and Mozambique, and the slow disintegration of Zimbabwe.

Pardon the suspicion that Houphouët-Boigny's re-

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marks on the moderation of the summit meeting were intended more to encourage, than to identify, real trends in that direction. After all, the 78-year-old leader of black Africa's most prosperous country did not attend the meeting himself, sending only a lower official in his stead, while he flew off to Washington to meet with President Reagan. He, for one, had better things to do than indulging in "unity."

No More Vietnams

A specter is haunting U.S. policy in Central America —the specter of Vietnam. President Reagan warns that a "Soviet-Cuban-Nicaraguan axis" threatens to dominate the region, yet U.S. policy is hesitant and lacking in confidence. While the media and Congress snipe from the sidelines, the Administration searches for a policy that can succeed. Only one thing is definite: no one wants another Vietnam.

Fidel Castro once said that imperialism (by which he meant us Yankees) would fall when there were fifty Vietnams inside the United States and fifty Vietnams outside the United States. Castro has not yet had much success stirring up Vietnams inside the United States, but he is doing his level best to stir them up elsewhere. General Arnaldo Ochoa Sánchez, the brigade commander who was the hero of Castro's Angolan and Ethiopian exploits, has been spotted in Nicaragua, where, according to a U.S. intelligence report, he is organizing "a large-scale Cuban move into Nicaragua."

Perhaps Ochoa is only giving advice to the Nicaraguan armed forces; the fact remains that divisions of Cuban combat troops have always followed in his wake. There are now two thousand Cuban advisors in Nicaragua and several thousand other Cuban personnel. The volume of Soviet arms deliveries to Cuba has been at record levels for more than two and a half years now, and the sophistication of the weapons has never been higher save on one memorable occasion. Cuba does not keep all of the arms for itself, of course, passing on a portion to Nicaragua and to the rebels in El Salvador. Libya and Bulgaria have also joined in the largesse. The outlines of the axis loom ever clearer.

Meanwhile, back in Managua, the Potemkin pretense of a democratic revolution crumbles, with political arrests and property "liberations" on the rise. Money and moderates are fleeing. The threat to U.S. security is evident. This time we are not talking about a small country on the far side of the globe. Central America is ten times nearer to the United States than Vietnam, ten times more closely bound by history and geography. Yet America cannot agree on what course of action to take. On only one point is there agreement: no one wants another Vietnam.

Just what is meant by "another Vietnam" is not always clear, unfortunately, and there are many Vietnams in the public mind. We, for example, have in mind the Vietnam in which American troops were put in too early, built up too slowly, and then withdrawn with agonizing deliberateness—a peculiar and perverse exercise in gradualism from which the nation has never quite recovered. We have in mind the Vietnam in which American troops were asked to give their lives in a war they were not allowed to win. We also have in mind the Vietnam of the Gulag and of the boat people, the Vietnam of Vietnamese who trusted, vainly, in America as an ally.

If the United States is to avoid both a severe compromising of its security and another Vietnam, a few basic principles need to be applied in Central America. First, U.S. troops should be used only as an absolute last resort, not as just one of a variety of policy props to be introduced in support of a weak government. Second, if the U.S. does take military action, it must be swift, unambiguous, and utterly decisive. Finally, the U.S. must make no commitment it cannot keep, nor fail to keep any commitment it makes. It is a terrible responsibility to be a superpower. The consequences of being but not acting like one are immeasurably more terrible.

Sex and the Single Actuary

Poor Senator Packwood. He keeps on pressing his legislation to abolish sex distinctions in insurance rates (which, except in the case of employer-paid pensions, the Supreme Court has just declined to strike down), thinking that it will keep insurance companies from discriminating by sex in the marketplace. What he doesn't seem to realize is that his bill would actually create incentives for them to do so.

At present, insurers try to charge, collectively, the members of any group exactly as much as they expect to pay out to that group. Young men have more auto accidents, and hence draw out more in claims, so they pay more than women for auto insurance. Thus the system achieves a sort of group equality of result—something you might think the Civil Rights Commission would support, if you didn't know the commission. Of course, the companies are motivated not by any egalitarian ideology but simply by the spur of competition: If Allstate tried to exploit young women by charging them as much for auto insurance as it charges young men, the young women would simply take their business to State Farm.

Senator Packwood's bill would require all the companies to raise auto rates for young women and annuity rates for men. This would give the companies a powerful incentive to begin discriminating by sex—an incentive they do not have now. At present, for example, an insurer gets about the same proportional profit whether it sells its next auto-collision policy to

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William Rusher, David Keene, and Stan Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) headed a contingent of non-conservatives who chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals throughout the years (it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterly—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

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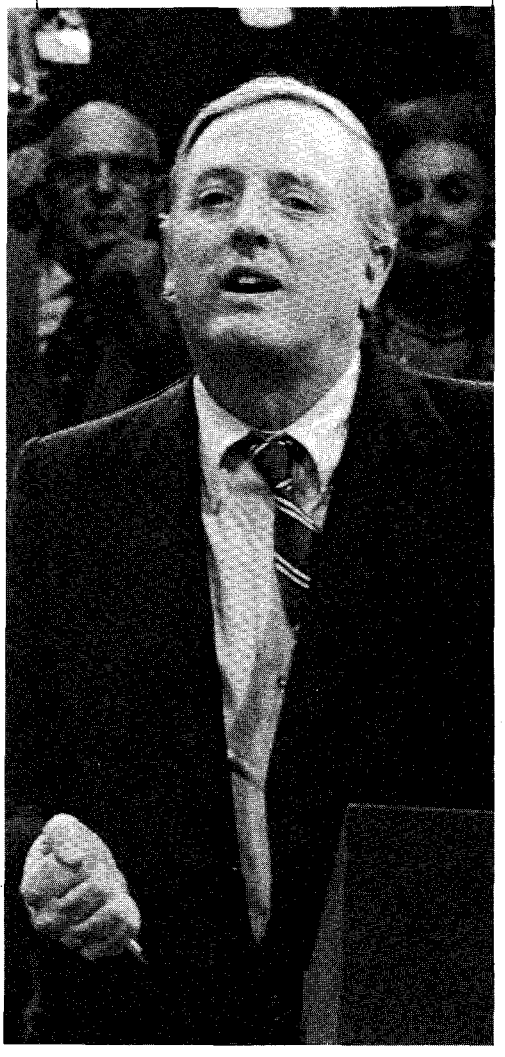

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a young man or to a young woman. So it solicits business from both groups. But under equalized rates its sales would become either super-profitable (young women) or money-losing (young men). Hence it will try to sell auto policies to as many women and as few men as possible. It will begin advertising only in women's magazines. Its sales agents will hang up when a young male voice answers their prospecting calls. The company's actuaries will start searching for factors that are a proxy for sex and that they can legally use to discriminate among applicants. To the extent that these tactics work, and a company's customer base shifts toward women customers, it will outcompete its less sexist competitors. Sexual discrimination will, for once, pay.

Insurance-rate leveling is neither Equitable nor Prudential. It would harm the efficiency of the economy by throwing away useful actuarial information, and it would encourage people to ignore the true costs of their actions—by lowering rates for 18-year-old male drivers, for example, it would almost certainly increase the number of accidents. If not for the force of ideological preconceptions, the idea would never have gotten this far.

Murderers' Row

One Death . . .
Mr. Lemuel Smith, after a career of violence, including some murders, having been convicted in New York courts, was sentenced to the maximum penalty of 25 years to life, whereupon, in prison, he sweet-talked his way into a soft job in the chaplain's office, whither he lured by phone Mrs. Donna Payant, a prison guard, and, in the words of the *New York Times* editorial, "strangled her and stuffed her mutilated body in the prison trash."

Three Deaths . . .
Mr. Rudolph Tyner, with no previous record, was convicted in South Carolina of the murder of Mr. Tony Cimo's parents, and, during five years of residence on Death Row pending various appeals, continued to boast of his achievement, ultimately exhausting the patience of Mr. Cimo, who hired Mr. Pee Wee Gaskins, who was serving ten life sentences for various murders, to dispatch Mr. Tyner, an assignment Mr. Gaskins carried out by means of a bomb, thereby earning for himself the death sentence and for Mr. Cimo an eight-year sentence that will be subject to parole in 32 months.

Many Deaths . . .
The *New York Times* dithers: "Are not prisoners with nothing more to lose more likely to kill again? Should not the death sentence, discretionary and confined to such cases, remain available as a last resort? We don't know. For the time being, these are theoretical questions, intellectually interesting but not requiring urgent answer."

Why dither? Under present law, with its cotton-candy sentences and demented delays, convicted murderers keep on murdering right there inside prison walls. To stop those killings, let the sentence for murder be either death or solitary confinement for life, and let the convict choose. One certain result would be fewer killings in the prisons, and a possible result fewer killings on the outside. Society will be benefited: a definition of good law in itself.

R. Buckminster Fuller, R I P

Two disciples once erected, in his honor, on his island, a geodesic dome like a silvery saucer. It was photographed nestling amid serene Maine pines, and a glimpse of the photo prompted someone to say, "They've come to take him back!" Yes, he did seem other-worldly.

Being around Bucky Fuller was never like being around anyone else; it was like fraternizing with a benign but unpredictable force. Though always active, the readiness, the generosity were also somehow aloof. Human impulse seemed to disorient him a little. "A self-balancing 28-jointed adaptor-base biped, an electro-chemical reduction plant integral with segregated stowages of special energy extracts": that was one of his descriptions of Man.

The aloofness probably commenced in the famous year during which he did not speak, lest he muddy discourse with some word he couldn't define. That was 55 years ago. In the ensuing years he uttered, at seven thousand words per hour (his estimate), many many millions of weightless cohesive words. That words weighed nothing was a thing he delighted to point out: our best products are our least weighty: simply mental patterns, like the invisible patterns of force by which the universe coheres. Ezra Pound, who met him in old age, called him "friend of the universe." It has had many denizens but few friends.

Young children were one manifestation of the uni-

We Are with You

George Shultz, athwart the Khyber Pass,
Where British regiments would mass,
Told grizzled faces in the crowd
Aggression shall not be allowed.
But what of Cranston? Whither, Tip?
Will Glenn and Mondale bless the trip?
That bunch did nothing but deplore
Brzezinski when he toured, before.

W. H. von Dreele

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verse with which he felt intuitively comfortable. So did they, with him. ("I feel so good around Bucky," said a six-year-old.) He was the only grown-up who would always answer their questions—"Why is the fire hot, Bucky?" "What are roses for?"—and in words they could understand. (The fire, he once explained, was the sunlight that the tree had once in-gathered; now it was "unwinding from the log.")

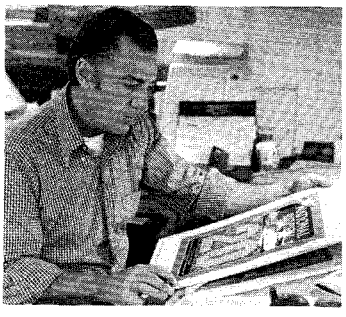
Unlike us, nature never hesitates; nor, generally, did Bucky. In a posh Philadelphia restaurant he spontaneously threw an olive over his shoulder, to demonstrate that it didn't have to make decisions about where to land. Two children followed the reasoning. Three waiters didn't. They mistook what he called "a scientific experiment" for a critique of the olive.

They'd have been more nonplussed still if they'd seen him approaching. The whole block from the parking lot, a child's hand in each of his, Bucky had come skipping, merry-faced. Yes, skipping, the three of them. He was barely taller than they. Behind, his wife, Anne, walked sedately.

He and Anne died, both 87, within 48 hours of each other, on the eve of their 66th anniversary. God is now hearing the universe explained, from first principles and with digressive excursions into a structural geometry for an evolving Heaven. God will not have heard any of it quite that way before, nor will Bucky ever before have enjoyed the bliss of such an encompassing attention. —HUGH KENNER

James O'Bryan, R I P

Four weeks ago the medical news was cause for rejoicing. Because this time the doctors had said that it appeared he was just fine, that the pain and irritation would now subside. Two weeks ago he was back in the hospital, and the prognosis was pessimistic but by no means hopeless. He might respond to treatment. If he did not, he would live for two years. One week later, over the telephone, Jimmy O'Bryan was saying confidently that he knew he would "lick it." Early in the final week he summoned a priest, his religious faith recovered. Forty-eight hours later, he died of cancer, at age 65.



He had retired formally only two months ago, after an association of more than 25 years. He had been art director for the *New York Daily Mirror*, but his heart was with NATIONAL REVIEW, its purposes, and its personnel. He began by moonlighting for us, but soon he was with us full time. His energies were as prodigious as his talent. There was nothing he was reluctant to do. Any proposal, no matter how intricate or demanding or difficult, he happily undertook. At home, with his devoted and talented wife and their two children, he would paint, or work on his marvelous collages.

What was distinctive about him, however, was not his talent—there are other skillful practitioners, if few so versatile. It was his manner. The gentleness, and gentility; the eagerness to help, to ease others' burdens, to come up with agreeable and original work, to register—unfailingly—his enthusiasm about the work of others. When he decided finally to retire, he immediately responded happily to the suggestion that he continue to work for us on special projects. When we proposed a small banquet to mark his formal retirement he confessed—for the first time—that he did not feel he was strong enough to go through with it; better in the fall, when the medicine had done its work.

There is no testimonial more eloquent than the felt grief of the company one kept. The sorrow we feel here at NATIONAL REVIEW at the loss of Jimmy O'Bryan is a measure of the awful loss sustained by his family, to whom the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW tenders its sympathy, tearfully, because their loss is, however attenuated, also our own. —WFB

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

From my observation on a few occasions that I checked WNET/13's program content on Sunday afternoons, I found you hosting something termed *The Firing Line*, if I am correct in my recollection, and since I have little or no particular interest in long-drawn-out discussions of this or that person's opinions on whatever, I tuned out in short order, and returned to my more creative use of my time.

What made a distinct impression on me, however, was and is the languid pose you project to a viewer, coupled with what I would diagnose as an affected languidity in speaking. Perhaps it's an affliction, physical and psychological, but it redounds as a negative factor in the overall picture, so to speak, especially to one perceptive of, and sensitive to, the aesthetic aspects involved in the presentation of audio-visual broadcast material. When you appear on the TV tube to be leaning back in an armchair, it communicates itself in a soporific effect upon the viewer/listener, and hardly the reaction you desire. As therapy for insomniacs, you could be effective indeed in your manner of discourse, and as such, might have merit.

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In any event, I thought I'd get this message on its way to you for whatever benefit it might engender.

And now, back to my book: *Outliving the Doctors*, which when finished in the not-too-distant future might be of benefit to those seeking to live better—and longer.

Sincerely,
Leon J. Oxman
Consulting Technical Editor/Biotechnologist
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Oxman: If I could live as languorously as you can write, I'd outlive Methuselah. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My entry for your oxymoron contest: "The Kennedy Institute of Ethics" (at Georgetown U.). I am Georgetown '40, and the Institute didn't exist then, sad to say. I danced with Kennedy and Farley girls—all homely as hedge fences—I was no Tyrone Power myself, in all honesty.

Carry on—hope I win the prize.

Sincerely,
Kevin M. Cosgrove, MD
Bronx, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought you might like to know that a California psychologist recently discovered why so many of us waited till the last minute to file our tax returns.

Apparently, our delay was not the result of pain felt while turning over diminishing dollars at confiscatory rates to a ravenous bureaucracy. Nor was it, as Harold Washington might have suggested, because we are broke and won't apologize for it.

Actually, the reluctance to file tax returns springs from deeply rooted "math phobias"; worse, late filing is a sign of inferiority complexes (particularly in males, of course) as they are brought face to face with how little they are really worth.

The good doctor did, however, suggest a remedy for the problem: When completing our tax returns, we must affirm what nice people we really are, despite how little we might make—or how little will be left after taxes. In light of this latest scientific discovery, Mr. Buckley, can we reasonably expect the proposed flat-rate tax plan to do much to remedy what are only psychological hang-ups over federal taxes?

Yours truly,
Edward Peters
Intercollegiate Studies Institute
Claremont, Calif.

Well, er, no, I guess not. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am writing this letter to you in the hopes that you can clear up some confusion I have regarding sailing. My claim is that you sail the Atlantic quite often and you are a man whom I would respect and admire.

My youngest sister, Helen, is a nun and has a PhD in history. She claims that you can't sail; that you go mindlessly about rowing with one oar out of the water.

Please advise.

Sincerely,
Tony Humeston
Ottumwa, Iowa

Dear Mr. Humeston: Tell Sister Helen that if I could cross the ocean using only a single oar, she'd have two people to worship. Cordially, —WFB

"Thank God we respect judicial precedent!"

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by Judge Antonin Scalia

Toward an Economic Theory of Federal Jurisdiction
by Judge Richard Posner

Some Thoughts on Applied Federalism
by Assistant Solicitor General Paul M. Bator

The Forms of Article V
by Professor Walter Berns

The Hatch Amendment and the New Federalism
by Professor John T. Noonan, Jr.

Private Goals and Competition Among State Legal Systems
by Judge Ralph Winter

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

The Galling Gap

IF RONALD REAGAN loses the Presidency in '84," says a top White House aide, "the first thing I'm going to look at is the gender gap." Hard to believe though it is, Ronald Reagan's number-one problem, as perceived today by his political brain trust, is his relatively low standing with women, ten points lower than his standing with men. A recent Gallup poll showed that the President's approval rating was positive with 49 per cent of men, but only with 38 per cent of women. Additionally, a *Washington Post*/NBC poll revealed a few weeks ago that 45 per cent of women think of themselves as Democrats, whereas 33 per cent of men do, although up through the Seventies women differed little from men in party allegiance.

The hard Right is very uptight about the gap, downplaying it, even refusing to talk about it. They see the gender issue as a vehicle for organized feminist groups like the National Organization for Women and the National Abortion Rights Action League to push their agenda. These hardliners rather conveniently overlook the fact that other, old-line women's organizations, like the League of Women Voters, the American Association of University Women, and the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, are also much involved with the women's equity issue and figure in Reagan's low distaff rating. Muriel Siebert, the outspoken New York stockbroker who ran unsuccessfully for the GOP senatorial nomination in New York last year, says, "If things don't change pretty quickly and dramatically the Republican Party can soon count on the same degree of support from women that it has come to expect from blacks." Albeit exaggerated, the trend is there, and what torments the President's men is that the gap appears to be widening, if you believe White House pollster Robert Teeter.

The gap is a mystery: no one at the White House pretends to know what's causing it. Reagan's stands on the ERA and on abortion are often cited by women militants, but aggregate poll-response data don't support that view. Men and women vote quite similarly on these issues. The President's hawkish national-security policy is alleged to be the cause, but a four-month-old *U.S. News & World Report* poll gives the lie to that, recording that 49.8 per cent of men and 49.3 per cent of women think that his attitude toward the Soviet Union is "about right," and that 56 per cent of men and 56.7 per cent of women believe the two superpowers should freeze their nuclear weapons at present levels, even if the two nations are not equal.

What's left? Economic equity. What group forms the principal constituency of government programs? Women. And whom did the recession hit hardest? Women—"being last hired and first fired," as Elizabeth Dole, Secretary of Transportation, puts it. Single women are especially stung by economic austerity, because they tend to be younger, more upwardly mobile, and eager to get ahead fast. The group strongest in its support for Republicans, by the way, is married women, the second married men, the third single men, and the fourth, or least strong, single women.

Where Are the Voices?

The President's necessary cuts in social programs have primarily hurt women, with six major programs having women as principal beneficiaries—Aid to Families with Dependent Children (four out of five such households are headed by women), federally subsidized housing (two-thirds of such households are likewise headed by women), food stamps, Medicaid, Medicare, and the Legal Services program.

The economic upsurge, with its predicted 1983 growth rate now modestly set at 5 to 6 per cent, bodes well for Mr. Reagan, since it is a rising tide that will raise all boats, more than half of whose passengers are women. But even if the recovery turns out to be a boom, Republicans cannot relax. At a minimum, some spokesmanship is required to spread the news that the recovery will be big and durable.

But there's the rub: Who is to do the speaking? On the Democratic side 150 prominent women, including Coretta Scott King, Joan Claybrook, Mary Tyler Moore, and the indestructible Gloria Steinem, band together to agitate for their side, e.g., by sending off questionnaires to the Democratic presidential Six Pack, needling them into Pavlovian liberal responses on issues like the ERA, abortion, equal pay, and the nuclear freeze. (Seven out of ten women leaders in the nation dislike the Gipper.) But where are the conservative voices? Phyllis Schlafly, yes, to save the saved, and Administration officers like Margaret Heckler, Secretary of HHS, and Mrs. Dole, most recently pressed into active duty at the Cape Canaveral space-shuttle launch. But that exhausts the list. Don't include Faith Ryan Whittlesey, the White House Director of Public Liaison. She does not believe there is a gender gap.

There's Still Time

All is not lost, of course. The Democrats have a worse gender problem. Reagan took 47 per cent of the female vote in 1980, against Carter's 43 per cent. Among male voters, Reagan buried Carter under an 18-point margin, 55 to 37 per cent. That gender gap ought to inspire dread among the Democrats, and lead Republicans to inquire: Why aren't Democrats worrying about what they have done to alienate men? Are Democrats too soft on national security, or gays, or big spending, or crime?

Conservatives need not feel that if you look the gender gap straight in the eye you will turn into a pillar of squish. Reagan needs to make his legislative programs affecting women more visible and known, like the impressive Administration activity to remove gender differences from federal and state laws relating to credit, inheritance, and ownership. Meanwhile, no one is asking Reagan to whimperize himself and yield on the ERA, or abortion, or rearmament, or Central America. □

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Thatcher and the World

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

NO, I AM NOT writing about Margaret Thatcher's sensational election victory. What concerns me, with the readers of this column in mind, is the outlook for a more radical British foreign policy now that Mrs. Thatcher is back for another five years.

Note that word: "radical." During Mrs. Thatcher's first four years in power, the United Kingdom has not, discernibly, had a foreign policy. Certainly not a radical one, especially if one compares the conduct of foreign affairs during that period with the prime minister's undoubtedly radical approach to economic, financial, and social affairs. The reasons for this are of some interest.

When Margaret Thatcher came to power in May 1979, she had well-defined views on certain aspects of foreign policy but no special knowledge. She knew, for instance, that the Soviet Union was a power to be feared and not to be trusted. Her famous Iron Lady speech, delivered as early as January 19, 1976, attributed to the Russians the ambition to dominate the whole world—a sound understanding of basics. Once in office, she made a resounding speech in the House of Commons in which she explained the Soviet definition of détente as a device for gaining access to Western technology on easy credit terms. And she signaled her displeasure with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan by imposing an official boycott on British participation in the 1980 Olympic Games in Moscow.

All such utterances, sad to record, were mere words. The conduct of policy vis-à-vis the Soviet Union went on as if she had never uttered them, transfers of technology and easy credits included.

The Turning Point

The explanation of this apparent mystery is quite simple. When Margaret Thatcher came to power, she was uncertain enough to surround herself with opponents as well as supporters of her ideas. One of the former was Lord Carrington, with whom, in effect, she made a pact. He would refrain from criticizing her "monetarist" economic policy if she would give him a free hand with foreign affairs. The effect of this de facto arrangement was that the conventional wisdom of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office (FCO) prevailed.

The most striking instance of this was the decision to overrule the "internal settlement" in Rhodesia-Zimbabwe and hand over this rich and at one time happy land to the terrorists. It was not, of course, expressed in those terms. Essentially, the internal settlement was a deal between Ian Smith, leader of the white Rhodesian separatists, and Bishop Muzorewa, the rebel who had come in from the cold. The deal had been consecrated by remarkably fair elections.

However, once the decision was taken to bring the rebels still in the field—Nkomo and Mugabe—into the negotiations, Muzorewa lost his support, and in the elections that then took place, Mugabe swept the board. Mugabe was a self-avowed Marxist-Leninist. Too much importance was attached to the fact that his main support had come from Peking, not Moscow. Today, the prevailing external power in Zimbabwe is Moscow, not Peking.

His ears resounding with praise for his diplomatic "triumph," Carrington sought to repeat it elsewhere, by bringing "peace" and an agreed settlement to "Palestine," Namibia, and even Afghanistan.

The point is that such deals are inevitably a form of appeasement. Moreover, while Carrington was around, the Soviet leadership knew it had nothing to fear from Britain, no matter what rude noises might occasionally issue from the lips of the Iron Lady.

The Falklands war broke out. Exit Carrington. Enter Francis Pym. Then came the sweeping election triumph of Margaret Thatcher. Exit Pym. Enter Sir Geoffrey Howe, a man of firm character and a staunch Thatcherite.

Today the situation is interestingly different from what it was. The Falklands war was a turning point for Mrs. Thatcher, and in more ways than one. She saw, as they say, red over the failure of the FCO to tell her clearly that the Argentinians were going to invade this remote territory occupied by a tiny number of residual Brits and a huge number of sheep. In the ensuing tempest, Carrington (being, without irony, a man of honor) stepped down; and Mrs. Thatcher set up a rudimentary machine to run a foreign policy of her own. This she did by means of two appointments. As her personal advisor on foreign affairs, she appointed Sir Anthony Parsons, who moved into 10 Downing Street at the beginning of this year.

The other appointment she made concerned a body known as the Joint Intelligence Committee, consisting of representatives of the secret services under Foreign Office chairmanship. Inevitably, a body such as this one will produce a lowest-common-denominator assessment; which is what led to the intelligence gap on the Falklands. The second appointment, then, was of Sir Antony Duff to preside over the Joint Intelligence Committee.

Her Own People

Now the irony of these appointments is that each of these honorable and experienced men, Parsons and Duff, was a Foreign Office official. The point, however, is that they were personal appointments and that both were going to operate from 10 Downing Street and not from the grey pile a few yards to the west, the FCO. The Duff appointment, in particular, transferred intelligence assessment from the FCO to the prime minister's office.

The machinery, then, is there. What remains to be seen is whether, armed with the machinery, the prime minister will produce the kind of radical foreign policy that is, by the criteria of reality, as distinct from diplomatic convention, so badly needed.

What would a radical approach imply? It would mean judging every initiative by the criterion of whether it would advance or hinder Soviet imperialism. It would mean eschewing short-term commercial advantage in favor of long-term security, especially in relation to transfers of high technology with potential military application.

It would also mean examining afresh the Labour Party's policy of the late 1960s to drop all British commitments "east of Suez." If some or all of these matters are not attended to, it will be a disappointing surprise. □

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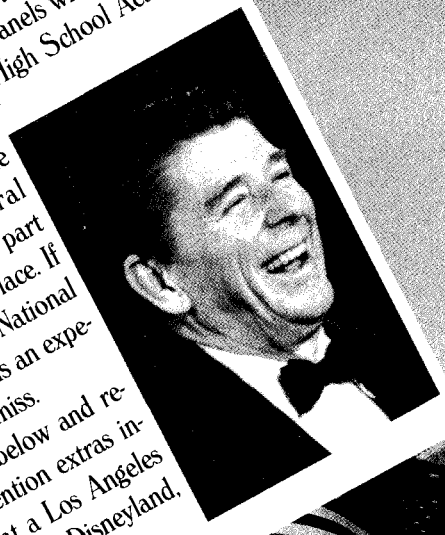

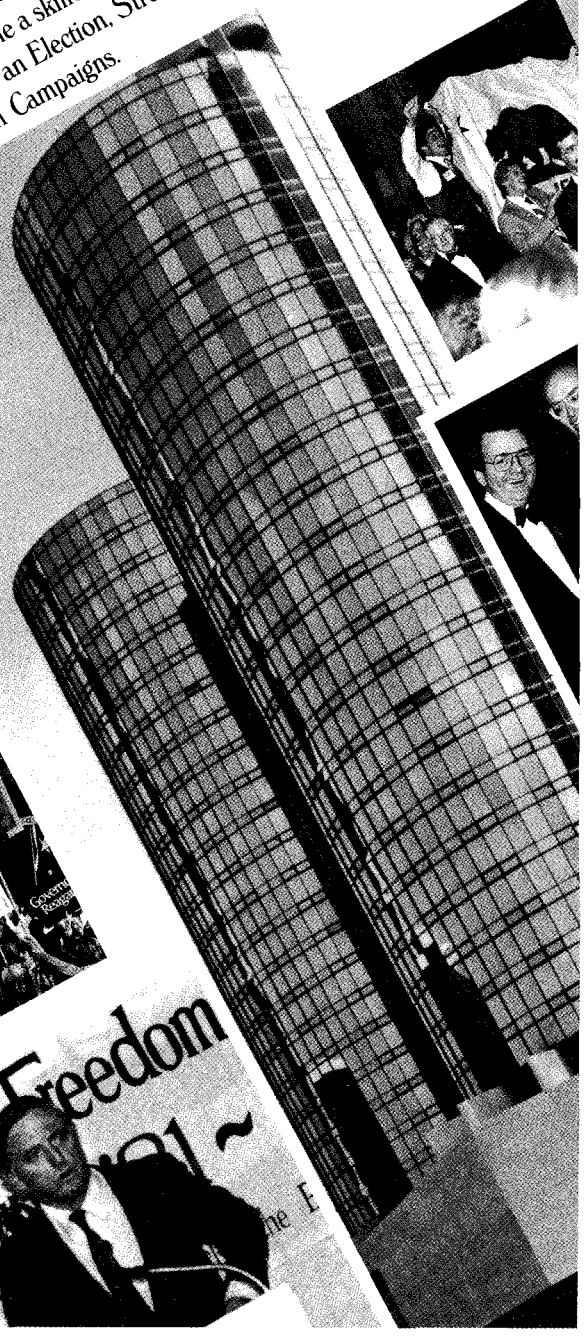

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WALTER MONDALE

On from Liberalism

RICHARD BROOKHISER

On a bright June day, under three tufts and puffs of cloud hanging breathless in a hot blue sky, the members of the Dover (N.H.) High School class of '83 assembled on the infield of the freshly chalked track to receive their diplomas and attend to the words of Walter Mondale, commencement speaker, and seeker in seven and a half months of the votes of their parents. The graduates were less interested in him than in skimming mortarboards and hailing friends and family in the bleachers; probably friends and family were less interested as well. Mondale was not the only distraction. The mayor of Dover, a blunt-spoken man with a granite accent, also took the mantle of Nestor to tell the class of '83 that they were crossing a divide; before, they had been the responsibility of others, chiefly their parents; but from that day on, they would be strictly on their own. "And heaven forbid," the mayor warned, "you'll ever have to ask your government to take care of you." Mondale remained calm.

Run your fingers along your nose. Feel, a quarter of the way down the bridge, the indentations where the bones stop. That is where Walter Mondale's voice emerges. I do not mock, I am a fellow sufferer. The Midwestern twang starts about Schenectady; I come from Rochester. Linguists know how far west it reaches; it surely peaks in Minnesota. Fortune also gave him baleful, fishy eyes; fortune and high-school football (at which he excelled), a nose that looks like a failed design for a can opener. He makes it up on his hair—once brown, now greying, smooth and handsome as a badger-tail shaving brush. On his hair and his smile, which lights up a face normally prone to overcast.

Mondale's smile shone many times over the summer day and night, but not before the commencement crowd, his only sit-down audience. He has trouble igniting in front of large or formal groups—a practical handicap for a man who intends to unseat Ronald Reagan. For Dover, he chose a light text, a send-up of commencement speeches themselves, then soberly recited it, like someone explaining the facts of life.

Mondale's perceived lack of oomph is not only a forensic problem. He had come to New Hampshire from Milwaukee, where he had been edged in a straw poll of delegates to the Wisconsin Democratic Convention by Senator Alan Cranston, a contest powerfully affected by the freeze issue. Mondale and Cranston both support a nuclear freeze; as another Democrat used to say, there isn't a dime's worth of difference between them. But Cranston had made it the throbbing heart of his campaign, virtually his only issue. Deep freezers, particularly strong in Wisconsin, were impassioned by his passion, and came out in force, while too many of Mondale's voters stayed home, soaking up the June sun. (Cranston also provided buses and free hotel rooms; even passion has to have its bills paid.)

In back of the bleachers, after the ceremony, Mondale granted a brief press conference. His opening remarks touched on his main issue, and his main theme. The issue, education, was new; it had blown up with squall-like suddenness in the wake of what is usually a guarantee of halcyon obscurity, the report of a presidential commission. A "rising tide of mediocrity" has engulfed American schooling, a commission appointed by Reagan announced in March. Mondale responded in May, with a program and a price tag: modernized laboratories; more student aid; scholarships for student-teachers; grants to communities, funneled through local education commissions (a Fund for Excellence)—all to the tune of $11 billion. "This country," he said at Dover, "cannot afford ignorance."

Mondale's theme concerned the man he hopes to oppose two autumns from now, and it underlies all his issues. Education, he explained, had been brought to its parlous state "by what I now think is a radical President in Washington, D.C." Now and months ago. "Ronald Reagan is not a conservative," Mondale told Lars-Erik Nelson of the *New York Daily News* last September. "He's a radical. He's like Mao Tse-tung." Reagan, Mondale argued and argues, has broken with the mainstream consensus on a host of issues—education, employment, the environment, arms control. Mondale, it follows, is not a partisan, but a defender of the consensus (he has been calling himself for two years now a "pragmatic progressive"; "l-b---l" is out).

After a few questions from reporters—all of them, like Jackie Stewart at Indianapolis, interested only in who is ahead—Mondale's three cars took to the road. In 15 minutes, they were winding anyhow through downtown Farmington—maples, horse chestnuts, clapboard houses all colors but Old-Money White. Mondale stopped at the city hall, where some fifty people had gathered in the community center, down in the basement. He circled the tables, shaking every adult hand and smiling in every childish face, then stood in front of the buffet his audience would eat when he had gone.

"We've had a bad spring. So today I wanted to show you what a Mondale Presidency would bring. The clouds parted; children are playing . . ." There,

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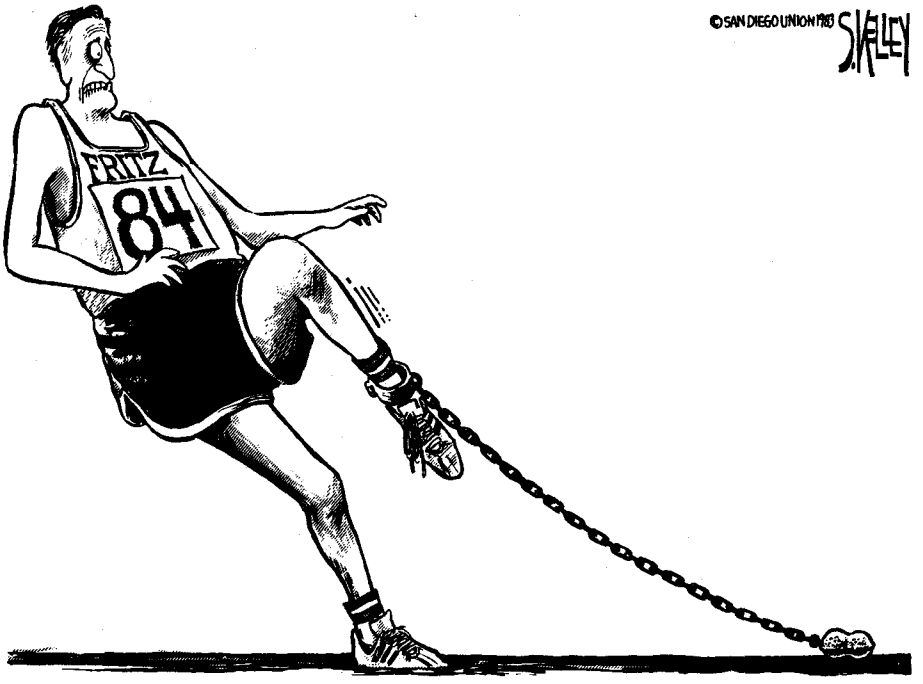

where he could look his crowd in the eye, his humor worked; the grim visage made a fine deadpan. Education reappeared. "This Administration has been the most anti-education in American history. If we're going to defend ourselves" with sophisticated weapons, "if we're going to compete" in world trade, "the Federal Government has to do its role." Reagan the Great Helmsman followed close behind. Mondale quoted Will Rogers on Herbert Hoover: "It isn't what he doesn't know that worries me; it's what he knows for sure that ain't so." Reagan, he said, preaches the "survival of the fittest." He raised payroll, cigarette, and telephone taxes (thank you, Bob Dole), while giving breaks to the wealthy.

The audience pitched a few questions, all, in the manner of these events, waist-high and slow. On toxic wastes, Mondale noted that acid rain was destroying New Hampshire's lakes, and that Reagan's EPA seemed to think its mandate to "execute the law" meant to shoot it. On school prayer, Mondale, a Methodist minister's son, gave a good statement of the best argument against it. "Some people say, 'Our children are prohibited from praying.' But *our* kids pray. I don't want the politicians to write your prayers. Let us rejoice in an independent, free, and non-politicized faith." The possibility of a tax on Social Security benefits was the home-run ball. "Social Security is a matter of right. It's a deal. I don't want to see that bargain broken." The inning ended with the Chrysler loan, a matter of direct interest since a local rubber company had Chrysler contracts. "The Republicans were willing to let Chrysler go down the drain. We saved it. That," Mondale concluded, "is what government is for —to help people when problems overwhelm them."

He pressed more flesh, and posed, on the blazing steps, with twin baby boys in matching T-shirts, one reading MON/19, the other DALE/84. They wriggled. The former Vice President buzzed his lips ("That always works"), then returned to his car, back down the twisting road.

Fathers and Son

Theodore Sigvaard Mondale, one of the two men most responsible for Walter's thoughts on government and people, was a stern, determined man who lived and preached in rural Minnesota. To do the second he had to be the first. Two of his farms were foreclosed; one of his churches burned; he got lockjaw after a home tonsillectomy, and cured himself of it; his first wife, Jesse, died of encephalitis. In 1925, on the verge of his fifties, he married Claribel Cowan. On January 5, 1928, in Ceylon, Minnesota, Walter Frederick (whence Fritz) was born.

Mondale grew up the way half of America did at the turn of the century, and only a quarter of it does in the urban now. He sold vegetables door to door; he collected corncobs to burn in the stove. He served at one point as a pea-lice inspector. He also absorbed politics. Reverend Mondale was a fervent supporter of the Farmer-Labor Party (which merged with the Minnesota Democrats in the Forties); he voted for Norman Thomas in 1932. When Fritz was ten, the elder Mondale drove the family to Washington in a flatbed truck. They called on one of their senators, who took them to lunch in the Senate dining room; the future senator came in bare feet.

Walter's second mentor was Hubert Humphrey. In 1948, while still a student at Macalester College in St. Paul, Mondale worked in Humphrey's first Senate campaign. Only six weeks after Humphrey's victory, in one of those transitions too pat for fiction, Theodore Mondale died. Walter took a year off from school to work for Humphrey in Washington. Back home, in law school, he worked for Humphrey's former campaign manager, Orville Freeman. Mondale became Freeman's campaign manager in a 1958 race for the statehouse. When the state attorney general resigned in 1960, Governor Freeman appointed the young lawyer to fill the vacancy.*

Attorney General Mondale inherited a ripe investigation—malfeasance in a charity for the handicapped—the kind on which reputations are built. He built his, and at the next election won handily in his own right. A second vacancy occurred in 1964, with Humphrey's elevation to the Vice Presidency, and again Mondale was appointed to higher office. He won his Senate seat in 1966 and 1972.

Looking ahead to the post-Watergate election, he entertained presidential ambitions, but after trailing Don't Know in early polls, he dropped out. "I was impressed," he recalls, "with how the American people adjusted to my announcement." He was thus free to receive his last, and loftiest, appointment, at Madison Square Garden in 1976.

The next four years of Mondale's life are somewhat mysterious. He speaks proudly of service in a national Administration, without ever saying whose. Clearly Carter remains a political liability (Mondale, after all, is still running against Hoover), but, by all accounts, Mondale was a conscientious number-two man.

Humphrey once remarked of his protégé that he was the only man in Amer-

*He had taken time out, in 1955, to propose after eight dates to Joan Adams, a Presbyterian minister's daughter. They have three children.

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ica who could get appointed President. Mondale decided to run instead. He chose, for the site of his formal announcement this February, the political incubator that had served him so well, the state capitol in St. Paul.

Mondale's Message

Walter Mondale can call himself a pragmatic progressive till the cows come home, but the ideas that have animated him have been liberal, from their healthy bloom in the days of his youth, to their present decay.

Current liberal economic thinking tends to take two forms: stimulating "traditional" industries, through public works and various forms of government-business cooperation; or encouraging new technologies, according to the gospel of Jerry Brown. They are not necessarily exclusive. Mondale edges into the second with his calls for more research. But over the years he has concentrated on the first. The Chrysler loan was one paradigm. Protection is another. For a while there last fall, Mondale was sounding like John Connally: "What do we want our kids to do? Sweep up around Japanese computers?" He now says, as do most protectionists, that we should erect tariffs against the Yellow Peril only as a bargaining tool. Mondale criticized the public-works bill of the last Congress as inadequate; a Mondale budget would have a big line for infrastructure.

A year ago, Mondale wanted the second tax-rate cut delayed six months and the third repealed altogether. He now wants the third repealed for anyone making over $60,000. He opposes indexing, and wants the Federal Reserve to reflate, to boost exports.

Mondale professes shock at the Reagan deficits; his bright idea for cutting them is to "scale the defense budget back to reality." He opposes the B-1 and the MX, and dismisses space laser planning as "Star Wars fantasies." President Mondale would rely on the Stealth bomber, the Trident submarine, and the cruise missile, though Senator Mondale voted against the last two programs throughout the Seventies. He would give SALT II another run at the Senate. Mondale did oppose the suggestion that we forswear first use of nuclear weapons in a European war—one point of agreement with Ronald Reagan. He also opposed, as Vice President, the post-Afghanistan grain embargo—another point of agreement, for which they should both do penance.

During the C-r--r Administration, Mondale pushed for a Department of Education, and for a liberal stance on the Bakke case—i.e., one in favor of reverse discrimination. He supports the ERA (Daughter of the ERA?), and abortion, which his pass-outs call a "private question of reproduction."

Behind almost every one of these issues stands some mobilized Democratic group. Mondale's economics is labor-union economics (the inverse relation between labor costs and foreign competitiveness is not something Mondale the tariff advocate will instruct us in). His Bakke position is the Urban League's and the NAACP's. His education policy is the NEA's. When homosexual activists entered the lists, lo, he keynoted a fundraiser for the Human Rights Campaign Fund, a homosexual PAC.

Mondale has fought all these fights according to his temper—carefully, thoroughly, with sure, steady feet. He lacks any trace of the kamikaze, which some activists find uninspiring (when Mondale had an appendectomy in 1974, one Minnesota Democrat said, "I hope the surgeon inserted some guts"). Others find him too steadfast, arguing that it is too late in the day for Mondale's brand of interest-mongering. Hamilton Jordan, among others, has advised him to forgo the primary endorsement of the AFL-CIO, as a symbol of newfound independence.

Timid, or stubborn, or both, he has brought Reverend Mondale's message a long way from Ceylon, Minnesota.

Evening Time

In a backyard in Rochester (not *my* Rochester—the first primary state is still New Hampshire), thirty-odd people had congregated, a mixture of supporters and the curious. The daughter of the house asked Mondale to autograph her yearbook. She is the "pride of the high school," her mother informed him. The daughter could die. "She is, she is," Mom insisted. "President of her class."

(Signing) "I'm trying to be President myself. How did you do it?"

(Shyly) "I worked hard and I smiled a lot."

"That's just what I'm doing."

Poor Hoover, dragged from the grave once more. James Watt also has sparks of immortality in him. "I want James Watt to stay on an extra day, because I want to fire him." Claps.

Nuclear-arms control is "our single most important priority." On this, as on the environment, "this Administration has been radical. Can we reach across this chasm of disagreement? I'd like to eliminate those dreadful weapons before they destroy us all.

"We need a President who knows what he's doing. I've spent my life learning it."

The sun sank, a cardinal descanted. Questions. Central America for the first time. "Two years ago, Central America was a problem, not a crisis. Now it's a crisis. We were beginning to make some progress. This crowd took over," and a political task "is now a military task. We should have learned in Vietnam."

When Mondale reached Somersworth, darkness had risen. On a hilltop perched a dance of wood—dentils, fish scales, moldings, spindles, fanlights, beads, spokes, bouquets, blossoms, tendrils, bull's-eyes. Forty people had packed themselves inside. Mondale pointed out a reporter. "If any of you are friends of mine I'd like you to go over and lie to him."

Reagan got demoted from radicalism. "He's in fairyland, this guy." The Watt line made a hit. "I also want to get rid of the person who appointed James Watt."

This crowd was entirely supporters; by the time Mondale finished, they were revved up. One asked, incredulously, why he lost in Wisconsin. Deadpan. "We were short of votes." He shook the last hands of the night, and left them to party, while he went out among the weeping crickets to catch a flight to Maine.

He does not believe that America has turned away from liberalism. He is probably right. Most Americans would have no objection in principle to the role of government he enounced in the Farmington City Hall. His problem is that liberalism, inevitably, has turned away from liberalism; that the role of helper and satisfier, so baldly asserted, has no logical end, but stretches to infinity; that, since the infinite desires of all would conflict, the desires of some must be chosen; so the common good envisioned by the old preacher, the new senator, and the green student has become a collection of very particular goods—particular, and insatiable. That, and its champion, are not things Americans are likely to turn to. □

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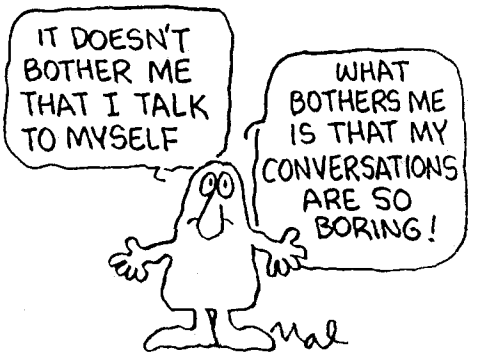
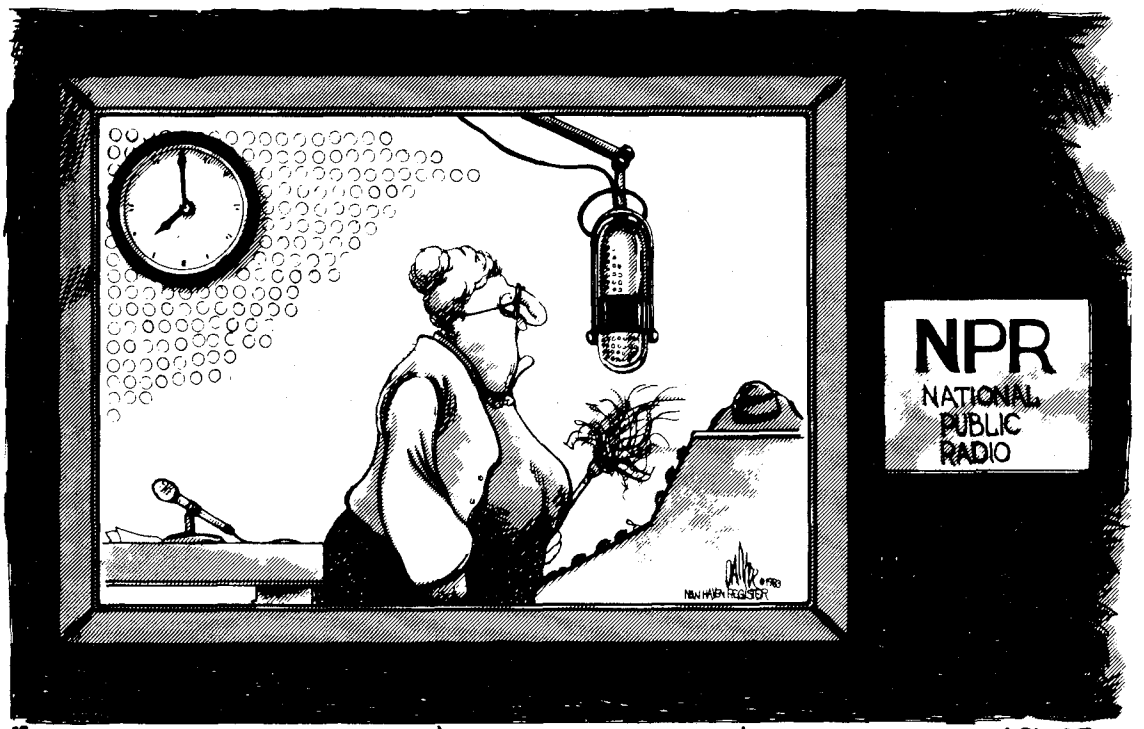
help !!!!

The Economics of Compassion

Endowed with a tax-free conscience,
Big government spenders, borrowers, and lenders
Complain about power and profit and greed
While they take what they want,
Make what they can,
And do it again when they need.

—KATH HOWELL





"GOOD EVENING AND WELCOME TO 'ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.' BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF ADEQUATE FUNDING, OUR REGULAR STAFF AND UNIQUE PROGRAMMING HAVE BEEN SLIGHTLY ALTERED TONIGHT. I AM THE CLEANING LADY, YOUR HOST. AND WE WILL BE RIGHT BACK WITH OUR FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE 'TIDY BOWL MAN.'"

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MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
OF COURSE I CAN TELL THEM APART... JOHN'S THE STRAIGHT ARROW, BIG FRITZ IS IN FRONT, LITTLE FRITZ IS THE ONE WHO TALKS FUNNY, GARY'S THE CUTE ONE, ALAN'S THE STRINGY ONE, AND THE ONE THAT'S LEFT OVER— HE MUST BE REUBIN.
The LIBERAL SEXTUPLETS

Ross Rothco

"Winner take all, right?"

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ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN

'Men Have Forgotten God'

This article is adapted from the address Mr. Solzhenitsyn gave on the occasion of his acceptance, in London on May 10, of this year's Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion. The first winner of the Templeton Prize, in 1972, was Mother Teresa; last year's winner was the Reverend Billy Graham. In announcing the 1983 award, the Templeton Foundation described Mr. Solzhenitsyn as "a pioneer in the renaissance of religion in atheist nations." Mr. Solzhenitsyn's introductory remarks were made at the awards ceremony at Buckingham Palace, with Prince Philip presiding. The address proper was delivered later the same day at the London Guildhall.

I. The Response

Your Royal Highness: Permit me to express my appreciation to you for taking part in this ceremony. Your participation lends special dignity to these proceedings.

This is the first time that the Templeton Prize has been awarded to an Orthodox Christian. With gratitude that our share in the religious life of the world has now been accorded notice, I remain acutely conscious of my personal unworthiness to receive this award as I look back upon the venerable line of outstanding Orthodox churchmen and of Orthodox thinkers from Aleksei Khomyakov to Sergei Bulgakov. And I am very much aware that Eastern Slavic Orthodoxy, which, during the 65 years of Communist rule, has been subjected to persecution even fiercer and more extensive than that of early Christian times, has had—and still has today—many hands worthier than mine to accept it. Beginning with Vladimir Bogoyavlensky, metropolitan of Kiev, shot by the Communists before the walls of the Kievo-Pechersky Monastery at the dawn of the Lenin era, the list would extend to the intrepid priest Gleb Yakunin, who is enduring torments today, under Andropov: Forcibly deprived of all outward symbols of his priesthood, and even of the right to have the Gospels, Father Yakunin has for months at a time been held in a freezing stone cubicle, without bed, clothes, or food.

In this persecution-filled age, it is appropriate that my own very first memory should be of Chekists in pointed caps entering St. Panteleimon's Church in Kislovodsk, interrupting the service, and crashing their way into the sanctuary in order to loot. And later, when I started going to school in Rostov-on-Don—passing on my way a kilometer-long compound of the Cheka-GPU and a glittering sign of the League of Militant Atheists—schoolchildren egged on by Komsomol members taunted me for accompanying my mother to the last remaining church in town and tore the cross from around my neck.

Orthodox churches were stripped of their valuables in 1922 at the instigation of Lenin and Trotsky. In subsequent years, including both the Stalin and the Khrushchev periods, tens of thousands of churches were torn down or desecrated, leaving behind a disfigured wasteland that bore no resemblance to Russia such as it had stood for centuries. Entire districts and cities of half a million inhabitants were left without a single church. Our people were condemned to live in this dark and mute wilderness for decades, groping their way to God and keeping to this course by trial and error. The grip of oppression that we have lived under, and continue to live under, has been so great that religion, instead of leading to a free blossoming of the spirit, has been manifested in asserting the faith on the brink of destruction, or else on the seductive frontiers of Marxist rhetoric, where so many souls have come to grief.

The statement of the Templeton Foundation shows an understanding of how the Orthodox spiritual tradition has maintained its vitality in our land despite the forcible promotion of atheism. If even a fraction of those words should find their way to my motherland past the jamming devices, this will bolster the spirits of our believers, assuring them that they have not been forgotten, and that their steadfastness inspires courage even here.

The centralized atheism before whose armed might the whole world trembles still hates and fears this unarmed faith as much today as it did sixty years ago. Yes! All the savage persecutions loosed upon our people by a murderous state atheism, coupled with the corroding effect of its

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Translator: A. Klimoff.

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lies, and an avalanche of stultifying propaganda—all of these together have proven weaker than the thousand-year-old faith of our nation. This faith has not been destroyed; it remains the most sublime, the most cherished gift to which our lives and consciousness can attain.

II. The Templeton Address

More than half a century ago, while I was still a child, I recall hearing a number of older people offer the following explanation for the great disasters that had befallen Russia: "Men have forgotten God; that's why all this has happened."

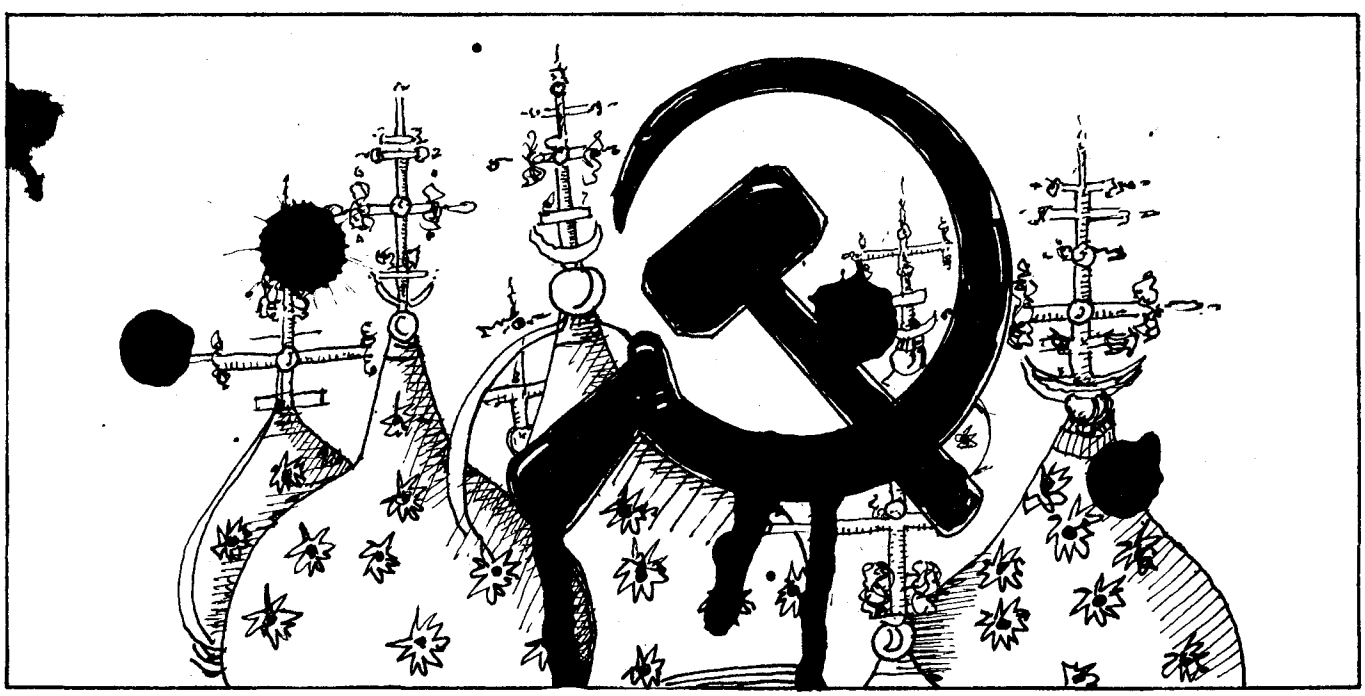
Since then I have spent well-nigh fifty years working on the history of our Revolution; in the process I have read hundreds of books, collected hundreds of personal testimonies, and have already contributed eight volumes of my own toward the effort of clearing away the rubble left by that upheaval. But if I were asked today to formulate as concisely as possible the main cause of the ruinous Revolution that swallowed up some sixty million of our people, I could not put it more accurately than to repeat: "Men have forgotten God; that's why all this has happened."

What is more, the events of the Russian Revolution can only be understood now, at the end of the century, against the background of what has since occurred in the rest of the world. What emerges here is a process of universal significance. And if I were called upon to identify briefly the principal trait of the *entire* twentieth century, here too I would be unable to find anything more precise and pithy than to repeat once again: "Men have forgotten God." The failings of human consciousness, deprived of its divine dimension, have been a determining factor in all the major crimes of this century. The first of these was World War I, and much of our present predicament can be traced back to it. That war (the memory of which seems to be fading) took place when Europe, bursting with health and abundance, fell into a rage of self-mutilation that could not but sap its strength for a century or more, and perhaps forever. The only possible explanation for this war is a mental eclipse among the leaders of Europe due to their lost awareness of a Supreme Power above them. Only a godless embitterment could have moved ostensibly Christian states to employ poison gas, a weapon so obviously beyond the limits of humanity.

The same kind of defect, the flaw of a consciousness lacking all divine dimension, was manifested after World War II when the West yielded to the satanic temptation of the nuclear umbrella. It was equivalent to saying: Let's cast off our worries, let's free the younger generation from its duties and obligations, let's make no effort to defend ourselves, to say nothing of defending others—let's stop our ears to the groans emanating from the East, and let us live instead in the pursuit of happiness. If danger should threaten us, we shall be protected by the nuclear bomb; if not, then let the world be burned in Hell for all we care. The pitifully helpless state to which the contemporary West has sunk is in large measure due to this fatal error: the belief that the defense of peace depends not on stout hearts and steadfast men, but solely on the nuclear bomb.

Only the loss of that higher intuition which comes from God could have allowed the West to accept calmly, after World War I, the protracted agony of Russia as she was being torn apart by a band of cannibals, or to accept, after World War II, the similar dismemberment of Eastern Europe. The West did not perceive that this was in fact the beginning of a lengthy process that spells disaster for the whole world; indeed the West has done a good deal to help the process along. Only once in this century did the West gather its strength—for the battle against Hitler. But the fruits of that victory have long since been lost. Faced with cannibalism, our godless age has discovered the perfect anaesthetic—trade! Such is the pathetic pinnacle of contemporary wisdom.

Today's world has reached a stage that, if it had been described to preceding centuries, would have called forth the cry: "This is the Apocalypse!"



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Yet we have grown used to this kind of world; we even feel at home in it.

Dostoevsky warned that "great events could come upon us and catch us intellectually unprepared." That is precisely what has happened. And he predicted that "the world will be saved only after a visitation by the demon of evil." Whether it really will be saved we shall have to wait and see; this will depend on our conscience, on our spiritual lucidity, on our individual and combined efforts in the face of catastrophic circumstances. But it has already come to pass that the demon of evil, like a whirlwind, triumphantly circles all five continents of the earth.

We are witnesses to the devastation of the world, be it imposed or voluntarily undergone. The entire twentieth century is being sucked into the vortex of atheism and self-destruction. This plunge into the abyss has aspects that are unquestionably global, dependent neither on political systems, nor on levels of economic and cultural development, nor yet on national peculiarities. And present-day Europe, seemingly so unlike the Russia of 1913, is today on the verge of the same collapse, for all that it has been reached by a different route. Different parts of the world have followed different paths, but today they are all approaching the threshold of a common ruin.

In its past, Russia did know a time when the social ideal was not fame, or riches, or material success, but a pious way of life. Russia was then steeped in an Orthodox Christianity that remained true to the Church of the first centuries. The Orthodoxy of that time knew how to safeguard its people under the yoke of a foreign occupation that lasted more than two centuries, while at the same time fending off iniquitous blows from the swords of Western crusaders. During those centuries the Orthodox faith in our country became part of the very patterns of thought and the personality of our people, the forms of daily life, the work calendar, the priorities in every undertaking, the organization of the week and of the year. Faith was the shaping and unifying force of the nation.

But in the seventeenth century Russian Orthodoxy was gravely weakened by an internal schism. In the eighteenth, the country was shaken by Peter's forcibly imposed transformations, which favored the economy, the state, and the military at the expense of the religious spirit and national life. And along with this lopsided Petrine enlightenment, Russia felt the first whiff of secularism; its subtle poisons permeated the educated classes in the course of the nineteenth century and opened the path to Marxism. By the time of the Revolution, faith had virtually disappeared in Russian educated circles; among the uneducated, too, faith had declined.

It was Dostoevsky, once again, who drew from the French Revolution and its seething hatred of the Church the lesson that "revolution must necessarily begin with atheism." That is absolutely true. But the world had never before known a godlessness as organized, militarized, and tenaciously malevolent as that practiced by Marxism. Within the philosophical system of Marx and Lenin, and at the heart of their psychology, hatred of God is the principal driving force, more fundamental than all their political and economic pretensions. Militant atheism is not merely incidental or marginal to Communist policy; it is not a side effect, but the central pivot. To achieve its diabolical ends, Communism needs to control a population devoid of religious and national feeling, and this entails the destruction of faith and nationhood. Communists proclaim both of these objectives openly, and just as openly go about carrying them out. The degree to which the atheistic world longs to annihilate religion, the extent to which religion sticks in its throat, was demonstrated by the web of intrigue surrounding the recent attempts on the life of the Pope.

The 1920s in the USSR witnessed an uninterrupted pro-

Militant atheism is not merely incidental or marginal to Communist policy; it is not a side effect but the central pivot

cession of victims and martyrs among the Orthodox clergy. Two metropolitans were shot, one of whom, Veniamin of Petrograd, had been elected by the popular vote of his diocese. Patriarch Tikhon himself passed through the hands of the Cheka-GPU and then died under suspicious circumstances. Scores of archbishops and bishops perished. Tens of thousands of priests, monks, and nuns, pressured by the Chekists to renounce the word of God, were tortured, shot in cellars, sent to camps, exiled to the desolate tundra of the far north, or turned out into the streets in their old age without food or shelter. All these Christian martyrs went unswervingly to their deaths for the faith; instances of apostasy were few and far between.

For tens of millions of laymen access to the Church was blocked, and they were forbidden to bring up their children in the faith: religious parents were wrenched from their children and thrown into prison, while the children were turned from the faith by threats and lies. One could argue that the pointless destruction of Russia's rural economy in the 1930s—the so-called de-kulakization and collectivization, which brought death to 15 million peasants while making no economic sense at all—was enforced with such cruelty, first and foremost, for the purpose of destroying our national way of life and of extirpating religion from the countryside. The same policy of spiritual perversion operated throughout the brutal world of the Gulag Archipelago, where men were encouraged to survive at the cost of the lives of others. And only atheists bereft of reason could have decided upon the ultimate brutality—against the Russian land itself—that is being planned in the USSR today: The Russian north is to be flooded, the flow of the northern rivers reversed, the life of the Arctic Ocean disrupted, and the water channeled southward, toward lands already devastated by earlier, equally foolhardy "feats of Communist construction."

For a short period of time, when he needed to gather strength for the struggle against Hitler, Stalin cynically adopted a friendly posture toward the Church. This deceptive game, continued in later years by Brezhnev with the help of showcase publications and other window dressing,

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has unfortunately tended to be taken at face value in the West. Yet the tenacity with which hatred of religion is rooted in Communism may be judged by the example of its most liberal leader, Khrushchev: for though he undertook a number of significant steps to extend freedom, Khrushchev simultaneously rekindled the frenzied Leninist obsession with destroying religion.

But there is something they did not expect: that in a land where churches have been leveled, where a triumphant atheism has rampaged uncontrolled for two-thirds of a century, where the clergy is utterly humiliated and deprived of all independence, where what remains of the Church as an institution is tolerated only for the sake of propaganda directed at the West, where even today people are sent to labor camps for their faith and where, within the camps themselves, those who gather to pray at Easter are clapped in punishment cells—they could not suppose that beneath this Communist steamroller the Christian tradition would survive in Russia. It is true that millions of our countrymen have been corrupted and spiritually devastated by an officially imposed atheism, yet there remain many millions of believers: it is only external pressures that keep them from speaking out, but, as is always the case in times of persecution and suffering, the awareness of God in my country has attained great acuteness and profundity.

It is here that we see the dawn of hope: for no matter how formidably Communism bristles with tanks and rockets, no matter what successes it attains in seizing the planet, it is doomed never to vanquish Christianity.

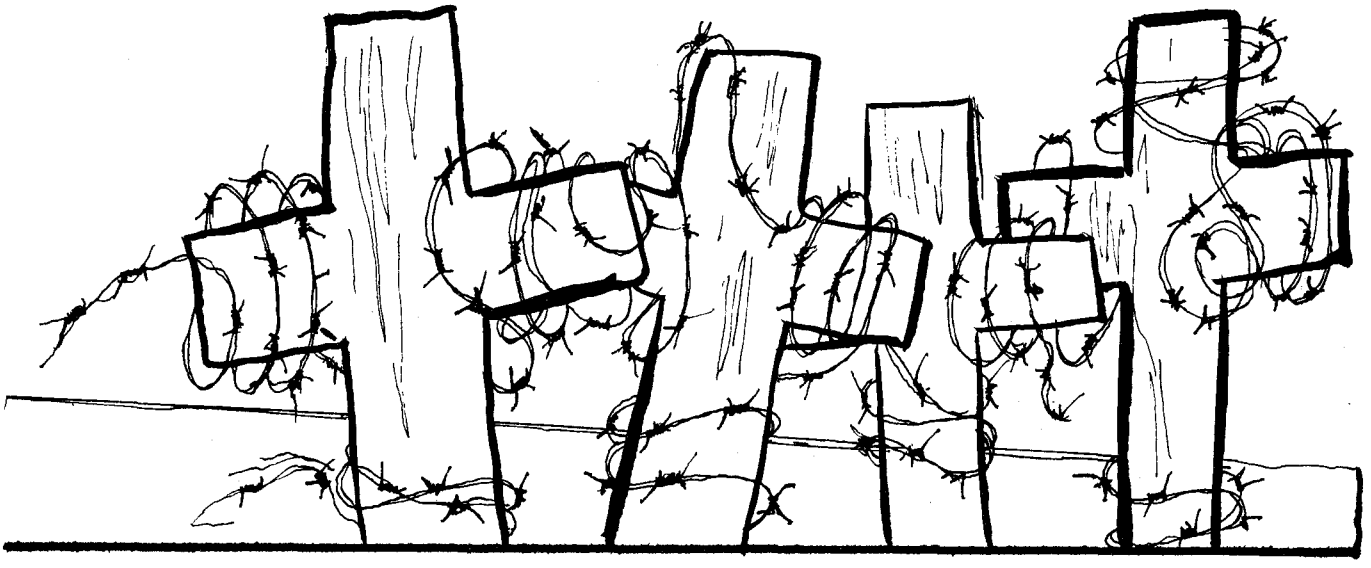
The West has yet to experience a Communist invasion; religion here remains free. But the West's own historical evolution has been such that today it too is experiencing a drying up of religious consciousness. It too has witnessed racking schisms, bloody religious wars, and rancor, to say nothing of the tide of secularism that, from the late Middle Ages onward, has progressively inundated the West. This gradual sapping of strength from within is a threat to faith that is perhaps even more dangerous than any attempt to assault religion violently from without.

Imperceptibly, through decades of gradual erosion, the meaning of life in the West has ceased to be seen as anything more lofty than the "pursuit of happiness," a goal that has even been solemnly guaranteed by constitutions. The concepts of good and evil have been ridiculed for several centuries; banished from common use, they have been replaced by political or class considerations of short-lived value. It has become embarrassing to appeal to eternal concepts, embarrassing to state that evil makes its home in the individual human heart before it enters a political system. Yet it is not considered shameful to make daily concessions to an integral evil. Judging by the continuing landslide of concessions made before the eyes of our own generation alone, the West is ineluctably slipping toward the abyss. Western societies are losing more and more of their religious essence as they thoughtlessly yield up their younger generation to atheism. If a blasphemous film about Jesus is shown throughout the United States, reputedly one of the most religious countries in the world, or a major newspaper publishes a shameless caricature of the Virgin Mary, what further evidence of godlessness does one need? When external rights are completely unrestricted, why should one make an inner effort to restrain oneself from ignoble acts?

Or why should one refrain from burning hatred, whatever its basis—race, class, or ideology? Such hatred is in fact corroding many hearts today. Atheist teachers in the West are bringing up a younger generation in a spirit of hatred of their own society. Amid all the vituperation we forget that the defects of capitalism represent the basic flaws of human nature, allowed unlimited freedom together with the various human rights; we forget that under Communism (and Communism is breathing down the neck of all moderate forms of socialism, which are unstable) the identical flaws run riot in any person with the least degree of authority; while everyone else under that system does indeed attain "equality"—the equality of destitute slaves.

This eager fanning of the flames of hatred is becoming the mark of today's free world. Indeed, the broader the personal freedoms are, the higher the level of prosperity or even of abundance—the more vehement, paradoxically, does this blind hatred become. The contemporary developed West thus demonstrates by its own example that human salvation can be found neither in the profusion of material goods nor in merely making money.

This deliberately nurtured hatred then spreads to all that is alive, to life itself, to the world with its colors, sounds, and shapes, to the human body. The embittered art of the



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twentieth century is perishing as a result of this ugly hate, for art is fruitless without love. In the East art has collapsed because it has been knocked down and trampled upon, but in the West the fall has been voluntary, a decline into a contrived and pretentious quest where the artist, instead of attempting to reveal the divine plan, tries to put himself in the place of God.

Here again we witness the single outcome of a worldwide process, with East and West yielding the same results, and once again for the same reason: Men have forgotten God.

Confronted by the onslaught of worldwide atheism, believers are disunited and frequently bewildered. And yet the Christian (or post-Christian) world would do well to note the example of the Far East. I have recently had an opportunity to observe in Free China and in Japan how, despite their apparently less clearly defined religious concepts, and despite the same unassailable "freedom of choice" that exists in the West, both the younger generation and society as a whole have preserved their moral sensibility to a greater degree than the West has, and have been less affected by the destructive spirit of secularism.

It has become embarrassing to appeal to eternal concepts, embarrassing to state that evil makes its home in the human heart before it enters a political system

What can one say about the lack of unity among the various religions, if Christianity has itself become so fragmented? In recent years the major Christian churches have taken steps toward reconciliation. But these measures are far too slow; the world is perishing a hundred times more quickly. No one expects the churches to merge or to revise all their doctrines, but only to present a common front against atheism. Yet even for such a purpose the steps taken are much too slow.

There does exist an organized movement for the unification of the churches, but it presents an odd picture. The World Council of Churches seems to care more for the success of revolutionary movements in the Third World, all the while remaining blind and deaf to the persecution of religion where this is carried through most consistently —in the USSR. No one can fail to see the facts; must one conclude, then, that it is deemed expedient not to see, not to get involved? But if that is the case, what remains of Christianity?

It is with profound regret that I must note here something which I cannot pass over in silence. My predecessor in the receipt of this prize last year—in the very month that the award was made—lent public support to Communist lies by his deplorable statement that he had not noticed the persecution of religion in the USSR. Before the multitude of those who have perished and who are oppressed today, may God be his judge.

It seems more and more apparent that even with the most sophisticated of political maneuvers, the noose around the neck of mankind draws tighter and more hopeless with every passing decade, and there seems to be no way out for anyone—neither nuclear, nor political, nor economic, nor ecological. That is indeed the way things appear to be.

With such global events looming over us like mountains, nay, like entire mountain ranges, it may seem incongruous and inappropriate to recall that the primary key to our being or non-being resides in each individual human heart, in the heart's preference for specific good or evil. Yet this remains true even today, and it is, in fact, the most reliable key we have. The social theories that promised so much have demonstrated their bankruptcy, leaving us at a dead end. The free people of the West could reasonably have been expected to realize that they are beset by numerous freely nurtured falsehoods, and not to allow lies to be foisted upon them so easily. All attempts to find a way out of the plight of today's world are fruitless unless we redirect our consciousness, in repentance, to the Creator of all: without this, no exit will be illumined, and we shall seek it in vain. The resources we have set aside for ourselves are too impoverished for the task. We must first recognize the horror perpetrated not by some outside force, not by class or national enemies, but within each of us individually, and within every society. This is especially true of a free and highly developed society, for here in particular we have surely brought everything upon ourselves, of our own free will. We ourselves, in our daily unthinking selfishness, are pulling tight that noose.

Let us ask ourselves: Are not the ideals of our century false? And is not our glib and fashionable terminology just as unsound, a terminology that offers superficial remedies for every difficulty? Each of them, in whatever sphere, must be subjected to a clear-eyed scrutiny while there is still time. The solution of the crisis will not be found along the well-trodden paths of conventional thinking.

Our life consists not in the pursuit of material success but in the quest for worthy spiritual growth. Our entire earthly existence is but a transitional stage in the movement toward something higher, one rung of the ladder. Material laws alone do not explain our life or give it direction. The laws of physics and physiology will never reveal the indisputable manner in which the Creator constantly, day in and day out, participates in the life of each of us, unfailingly granting us the energy of existence; when this assistance leaves us, we die. And in the life of our entire planet the Divine Spirit surely moves with no less force: this we must grasp in our dark and terrible hour.

To the ill-considered hopes of the last two centuries, which have reduced us to insignificance and brought us to the brink of nuclear and non-nuclear death, we can propose only a determined quest for the warm hand of God, which we have so rashly and self-confidently spurned. Only in this way can our eyes be opened to the errors of this unfortunate twentieth century and our hands be directed to setting them right. There is nothing else to cling to in the landslide: the combined vision of all the thinkers of the Enlightenment amounts to nothing.

Our five continents are caught in a whirlwind. But it is during trials such as these that the highest gifts of the human spirit are manifested. If we perish and lose this world, the fault will be ours alone. □

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Abroad

Kampala *Tragedy (Cont'd)*

It is four years since the overthrow of the sanguinary tyrant Idi Amin as ruler of Uganda, but peace and public safety have not returned to this strife-torn country. Idi Amin's rival and successor, Colonel Milton Obote, has continued to preside over a tumultuous environment in a largely tribal context. On one side is the powerful though famously undisciplined Uganda army, pitted against various regional rebel movements, the biggest of which is the full-fledged guerrilla National Resistance Army. The most recent incident, brought to public attention by a courageous church newspaper, was the slaughter of two hundred civilians, mostly women and adolescents, at a camp at Kikyusa by men who seem unquestionably to have been government troops in official uniform. The two hundred were among 100,000 civilians rounded up by the government and put in resettlement camps as part of a drive against the guerrillas. The opposition claims that two hundred more civilians have died in the last months in "accidents," often meaning they were bound hand and foot and left to die in the jungle. Almost no charges have ever been filed against any of those detained. The government ascribed the killings to "bandits," meaning members of the National Resistance Army.

Seville *Two in '92*

It is only nine years away from one of the rip-roaringest occasions of the century, namely the five-hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America, and none too soon to begin work. Consequently, the Bureau of International Expositions in Paris, which has such anniversaries in its keeping, has named two cities to share the celebrations of the discovery, Chicago and Seville. Chicago was the seat of the great Columbian fair of 1892 and is a natural choice for the repeat. Seville was the center of the entire web of the Indies, the seat of administration of the Spanish American empire, and is still the home of its fabled archives. It was in Seville, moreover, that King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella formally commissioned the voyage of the Genoese navigator and sent him on his way with their blessing and their provisions. This Andalusian capital does not expect to be able to create anything like the spectacles awaited in Chicago, where preliminary calculations estimate the attendance of 65 million tourists. Seville modestly hopes for 25 million. Just in case time seems to hang heavy between now and then, the Expositions Bureau gave Paris permission to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution between April and October 1989.

London *Waning Reds*

One of the minor casualties of the strong showing made by Mrs. Thatcher's Conservatives in the recent elections has been the British Communist Party. This small but vocal remnant of the once-powerful British Marxist movement has declined in numbers by several thousand in the last two years, and membership is now at a scant 15,000. The main erosion has come from a struggle between "modern" Eurocommunists and the old guard trained in the Stalin era. The fighting centers on control of the party newspaper, the *Morning Star*, although the real issue is the survival of the party itself. The fact is that today's left-wing British youth, if they are interested in politics at all, are attracted to the Labour Party. "Mass unemployment has had the opposite effect of what we predicted," said one veteran Communist sourly. Party membership hit a high of 56,000 in the late 1940s, and has fallen steadily ever since. The last Communist seat in Parliament was lost in 1945.

Rome *Ghost Train*

The *wagons-lits* train from Milan, a luxury all-sleeping-car express, arrived here shortly before 8 A.M. the other day—totally empty of passengers. No one could at first explain the mystery of this "ghost train." What had happened was that shortly before the train was due to leave Milan, striking porters locked every sleeping-car compartment door and then disembarked and disappeared. The passengers, their tickets and reservations all in order, were left to rattle the compartment doors in vain and then return, fuming, with their luggage, to the station platform just before the train moved off. In a state of violent frustration, some of the passengers vainly tried to stop later trains from leaving by standing in front of the locomotive. By midnight, the station was completely quiet; the strike was over.

Bristol *. . . Aft not Agley*

Britain's smallest mammal is the harvest mouse. It is only two and a half inches long and weighs one-quarter of an ounce. It was supposedly doomed when the giant harvesting combines with their ground-grazing blades were introduced some years ago, for the harvest mouse builds its round nests of dry grass attached to the tops of wheat stalks. What happened, according to Dr. Stephen Harris of the zoology department of Bristol University, is that the mouse learned to interpret the vibrations felt through the crops as the combine approached. The mouse discovered that if it dropped to the ground and huddled in the right place, the main body of the machine would pass over it harmlessly and the great blades could not touch it. It also learned to avoid the insecticide sprays in British farmlands by frequently moving its nests to plantations of weeds on nearby hillsides or railroad embankments.

Duncan, *Punch* Rothco

"One is *so* grateful one is biodegradable. One quite simply couldn't live with oneself otherwise."

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To Fight or to Appease

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

BETWEEN 1979 AND 1982, the Soviet Union gave Nicaragua $150 million in military assistance and $50 million in economic assistance. The House *Democrats* have been quite candid about Soviet activities in Central America. The Majority Report of the House Select Committee on Intelligence asserts that the Salvadoran insurgency "depends for its lifeblood—arms, ammunition, financing, logistics, and command-and-control facilities—upon outside assistance from Nicaragua and Cuba. This Nicaraguan-Cuban contribution to the Salvadoran insurgency is longstanding. It began shortly after the overthrow of Somoza in July 1979. It has provided—by land, sea, and air—the great bulk of the military equipment and support received by the insurgents."

Thus, a marvelous turnabout has suddenly occurred, such that the factual situation in Central America is no longer in dispute. The cover stories of six months ago—that the Sandinistas and the guerrillas in El Salvador were pluralistic democrats, independent of Havana and Moscow—have been discarded. Thus, both the moderate Left and the far Left have changed their line of argument.

The new line runs as follows: Yes, Havana has received $4 billion in military aid from Moscow (and $28 billion in economic aid). Yes, Havana and Tripoli and Hanoi and Sofia and the PLO supply guns and bombs to Managua. Yes, Managua affords bases, supplies, and communication to the guerrillas in El Salvador. And, yes, the aim of all this international effort is to build Marxist states throughout Central America.

But (yes, there's a *but*)—if Central America desires a Marxist political economy, so what? Marxist states are no threat to the United States. The proper national interest of the United States is to *support* Marxist revolution. The U.S. should support the creation of Marxist states—and then buy them off. Wean them from Moscow. Make Central America safe for national Communism. Let a thousand Titos bloom.

Thus do the real issues, under the pressure of open debate and indisputable real events, finally break into light. Proposed lines of action, then, come down to two: 1) the advance of Marxist states must be halted and reversed; 2) the emergence of Marxist states must be supported and bought off. Fight or appease.

The calculation among the Marxist powers today is that the United States will not fight for Central America. Resistance will be financial, political, and verbal; it will collapse on the field of battle. The next seven years will tell the tale. By 1990, Central America is likely to be Marxist or democratic. The longer the delay in military resistance on the field of battle, the more costly the battle will become.

Moralists are fond of saying that Christianity is a religion of peace. Historically, this has certainly not been true. Christianity has been a "fighting faith," notably so in the five centuries from the First Crusade until the Battle of Lepanto. (Otherwise, we would all be Moslems now and oil would probably lie still unused under the sands of Saudi Arabia.) It was so, also, under Luther, Calvin, and Cromwell. It was so in "the fighting 69th." It was so, after a decade of appeasement, in World War II. Christianity will always be a fighting faith. For it is realistic about sin and power. It is not a spiritualist faith but an incarnational faith, doing daily combat with Principalities and Powers.

What Christians must fight for in Central America is *not* the existing regimes. It is new and revolutionary regimes—regimes at once democratic and pluralist. José Napoleón Duarte of El Salvador knows what democracy really means: the possibility of electoral defeat. Unlike Fidel Castro and the Sandinistas' Daniel Ortega, he willingly faced the voters and accepted their rejection.

The protection of human rights, in Central America or elsewhere, is not achieved by installing a new regime. It is achieved only by installing democratic institutions. Of the 160 nations of the world, the thirty or so with the highest rankings in respect for human rights are all functioning democracies, within which citizens govern themselves through regularly expressed consent. Tyrannies of non-democratic persuasion (whatever their ideology and propaganda) invariably abuse human rights.

So what is to be done? Marxism is not an evil because it installs a socialist economy. If a nation wishes to thwart its own economic growth and permanently impoverish itself, that is its own business. ("If the Sahara were socialized, there would soon be a shortage of sand.") If the people want to wait in line for meat, eggs, and milk that is their own business.

Marxism is an evil because its foreign policy *cannot* be isolationist. Marxism is a quasi-religion. Its essence is a vision of power in history, power necessarily flowing toward the police and the military might of Marxist states. Marxist states do not, and cannot, believe in international laissez-faire. Believing Marxists acquire a moral obligation to carry Marxism, by force, to all the nations. To think of Marxism as a sort of extreme New Deal for peasants and workers is a bourgeois illusion. In Marxist states, the hard utopians always dominate the soft utopians. They take care to control three things: the secret police, the military, and the media.

WESTERNERS, especially religious persons, find it difficult to take hard Marxists at their word. They think it moral to "trust" Marxists, to "love" them, and to "negotiate" with them "in good faith." But this is not morality. It is a colossal failure of moral imagination. This is the classic moral weakness of the children of light.

Biblical realists must prepare for war in Central America. Only such preparations will force Managua, Havana, and Moscow to grasp their own miscalculations about Christian realism. Faced with resolute military power, they will back down. They did so in the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. They will do so again. They pay attention, alas, only to power. It is our moral and our Christian responsibility to "dialogue" with them in the only language they understand. □

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Paleface, Redskin

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

Hard Choices: Four Critical Years in America's Foreign Policy
By Cyrus R. Vance
Simon & Schuster, 320 pp., $19.95

Power and Principle: Memoirs of the National Security Advisor, 1977-1981
By Zbigniew Brzezinski
Farrar, 547 pp., $22.50

Jimmy Carter's Presidency was America's most recent chance to see what liberals can do. For a liberal, such as myself, it was a bitterly frustrating time of apparent divided counsel, hesitation, vacillation, and general weakness punctuated by abortive attempts at strength, both in foreign policy and in domestic economic policy, leading finally to disastrous losses, rejection at the polls, and a prevailing judgment of failure. Now Carter's most famous pair of divided counselors, his Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, and his National Security Advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, have written books to show that the Carter Administration had many major successes in foreign policy, to explain the things that admittedly went wrong, and to justify themselves against each other.

Vance came to high office with a reputation for integrity and conscientiousness—and for being something of a stuffed shirt and a bore. His book is very decent, informative, often convincing, essential for understanding the Carter years—and something of a bore. Brzezinski had a reputation for genuine brilliance—and for being cold-eyed, uninterested in anyone below the rank of ambassador. His book is longer, fuller, more convincing, more essential for understanding the Carter years. He writes with a novelist's eye for character and incident; when he describes how grim Gromyko and Ustinov gently aided the ailing Brezhnev, physically and mentally, at the Vienna Summit in 1979, we feel human pity for these Communist tyrants. His book, too, is immensely decent—and very witty. The photos of high figures in goofy poses are wildly funny; the shot of former Prime Minister Fukuda of Japan could provoke another Pearl Harbor.

Both Vance and Brzezinski genuinely liked and admired Carter, the man and the President, in spite of many disagreements. Vance more than Brzezinski gives great credit to Henry Kissinger's achievements, but Brzezinski's alleged jealousy of Kissinger is nowhere to be found in his generous respect for the man, including the respect shown by open and sober argument with his views. Neither makes much of being a Democrat or a liberal; they differ with their Republican predecessors but do not put them beyond the pale. Yet both Vance and Brzezinski are true liberals, but liberals of very different complexions.

The liberal philosopher William James would have called Vance a "paleface" and Brzezinski a "redskin." Vance, a decent gentleman himself, is reluctant to see or smite evil, loathing only Pol Pot's mass murders in Cambodia—briefly. To him the Soviets often "fail to exert restraint," and should be urged back to their presumed restrained earlier selves. Vance rarely uses the word "Communist" and certainly doesn't think of Soviet or any other Communists as implacable, Manichaean adversaries. He thinks Kissinger wrong to see the world as essentially an East-West power struggle; it is the scene of so many local, plural disputes—a basic paleface liberal view. Paleface liberals are excellent at giving things up for America, and Vance is proud of giving up the Panama Canal. (Aside from the canal, there is no mention in Vance and little in Brzezinski of Latin America, not even of Nicaragua's overthrow of its right-wing tyrant and defection to the Soviet camp.) Vance is prouder of the endless, frustrating negotiations with Sadat of Egypt and the maddening Begin of Israel. Sadat abandoned his Arab and Muslim values of intransigence and insistence on total victory for the Western paleface liberal values of concession and reconciliation. He later paid for his apostasy with his life, but not before he had enabled Vance and Carter to achieve their greatest triumph, the peace at Camp David—which may not seem so great when Egypt reverts to Arab and Muslim type and attacks Israel again on some high holy day.

Equally endless and frustrating negotiations produced the SALT II disarmament agreement with the USSR, but we shall never know its merits; for the Russians, convinced of America's palefaced liberalism, conquered Afghanistan at Christmas 1979, and sank

Christopher Buckley *is the author of* Steaming to Bamboola, *published last year.* . . . **Milton Hindus** *is a professor of English at Brandeis and the author of* Proustian Vision. . . . **Herbert Kenny** *was formerly book-review editor for the* Boston Globe. *He is also the author of* Literary Dublin: A History. . . . **Francis B. Randall** *is a professor of Russian and Communist studies at Sarah Lawrence.*

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME JULY TITLES: *Slouching towards Kalamazoo* (Little, Brown, $13.95), by Peter De Vries, is the story of a young boy from North Dakota who suspects he may be the embodiment of the Yeatsian chaos.

In *The Conservators* (Arbor House, $16.95) Elliot Roosevelt makes an orotund and haphazard case for global conservation of resources and offers suggestions for dismantling the United Nations as a first step toward *real* World Government. . . . *From Right to Left: An Autobiography* (Lawrence Hill, $14.95; paper $8.95) is an account by Frederick Vanderbilt Field, now in his late seventies, of the making of an American Communist and a renewed affirmation of his political faith.

■ SOME AUGUST TITLES: *Why the Jews? The Reason for the World's Greatest Hatred* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95), by Dennis Prager and Joseph Telushkin, argues that the chief reason for anti-Semitism is not ethnic prejudice or economic envy but hatred of Judaism itself.

Tadeusz Konwicki's *A Minor Apocalypse* (Farrar, $16.50), translated by Richard Lourie, looks to be an excellent novel about a Warsaw writer who has agreed to perform the dubious act of self-immolation outside the Communist Party headquarters. . . . *My Name Is Saroyan* (Coward-McCann, $22.50), by William Saroyan, is a posthumously published collection of 106 stories, most of which had appeared only in the Armenian press, compiled by James H. Tashjian. . . . The dominant theme of *Pariah and Other Stories* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $13.95), by Joan Williams, is race relations in the rural South.

Overdrive: A Personal Documentary (Doubleday, $16.95), by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., is the successor volume to *Cruising Speed*—a chronicle, like its predecessor, of seven days in a hectic yet compelling life. Portions of this book appeared recently in *The New Yorker*. —CW

it. Vance consistently opposed any forceful response, on this as on all issues. Like Brzezinski he strongly favored Carter's worldwide pressure for human rights. Ever the paleface optimist, he worked for independent, successfully multi-racial black rule in Rhodesia and Southwest Africa, which might, he thought, induce South Africa to moderate its racism; he seems never to suspect that, like most African states, they might turn out to be tyrannical bloody flops. In the end Vance opposed using force to keep the Shah in power in Iran, and after he fell opposed the helicopter raid to rescue the American hostages in Teheran. His perception may have been right: the rescue turned out not to be necessary to save the hostages' lives, and it's hard to see how a raid in snarled downtown Teheran could have succeeded. Or it may have reflected his abiding paleface liberal weakness. But Carter sided with Brzezinski and the helicopters, and Vance became our first Secretary of State since William Jennings Bryan in 1915 to resign on a matter of principle—or was it wounded self-esteem? Nothing in his office became him like the leaving it.

Brzezinski is a far more interesting man and case. He was genuinely and strongly for moral principle in foreign policy—the core and strength of any truly American policy, he insists. He is very moving on the value of his and Carter's campaign for human rights in friendly and enemy tyrannies alike, freeing thousands of prisoners (including the ungrateful Jacobo Timerman of Argentina), worth the admittedly high political cost. He and Carter warmed to authentic foreign leaders, above all Sadat but also Giscard d'Estaing and Deng Xiaoping, and loathed pompous egotists, especially German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, but also President José López Portillo of Mexico. Like Vance he knew the local eddies of world politics and like Kissinger he knew that the American-Soviet struggle affected and overarched them all. In explicit contrast to Kissinger, he denied that the only choices are détente (hard negotiated mutual withdrawals from conflict with the USSR) or war. He worked for a third choice, that we should actively compete with the USSR within negotiated limits, as the USSR was increasingly pushing against us.

Brzezinski insists that principle must be balanced by power and the willingness to use it forcefully when necessary. He was willing to shunt our Taiwanese ally aside to win the infinitely more power-valuable connection with Communist China. And he thought the alliance with Iran was so vital to America, and that the Shah was so vital to our alliance with Iran, that he urged Carter to support the Shah fully, to countenance, and perhaps even to urge him to install, a military dictatorship to crush the revolutionaries in blood lest chaos and Communism ensue. This is the repeated acid test for liberal policymakers: Should America support bloody tyranny to preserve its national interest? Brzezinski's principle demanded power here, but he says, convincingly, that it was an "agony" for him. But neither Carter nor the Shah used massive violence; the Shah fell, and our diplomats were taken hostage. Brzezinski was disturbed that he, an immigrant, was the only high official to feel America's dishonor keenly. (He attributes Vance's weaknesses in part to the decline of WASP vitality.)

With such different temperaments and policies, Vance and Brzezinski were bound to urge Carter in opposite directions at times. Their books detail their many agreements and important conflicts. Vance seems to feel annoyance toward Brzezinski rather than hatred; Brzezinski seems to lament the paleface-edness of Vance. Vance once accuses Brzezinski of cheating and lying, and Brzezinski once accuses Vance of leaking things to the press, but on the whole their accounts of their feud are complex and civilized, and don't deserve the lip-smacking attention they are getting in the press.

Brzezinski's tough line on Iran, even more than his determination to resist Soviet expansion, led paleface liberals to think him only half liberal, or even to judge him a war criminal. Likewise it has led many conservatives to think him less liberal and more sensible than his colleagues. But if Vance is a paleface liberal like Adlai Stevenson, Brzezinski is a redskin liberal in an equally liberal American tradition—that of both Presidents Roosevelt, who also tried to balance power and principle. Vance and Brzezinski did not vacillate; each stuck to his guns. It was the intelligent, decent, and winning Carter who somehow vacillated from one advisor, from one liberal policy, to another, and brought both, and himself, down in failure, leading people to think, of each of the three: "He would have been thought most fit to rule, had he not ruled."

Both Vance and Brzezinski insist that Carter had great successes and *was* a success—the weakest position in both books. Carter won a few and lost a few—on a worldwide playing field. In our terrible times, with the stakes so high, this *has* to be seen as failure: Camp David, Peking, and the Panama Canal, but also Nicaragua, Afghanistan,

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and Iran. To many liberals, Carter wasn't liberal enough—and besides, he had worldwide bad luck; what could *anyone* have done? But to conservatives, repeated bad luck is the result of bad judgment, the characteristic defect of liberalism in power. These were intelligent men, sometimes brilliant; these were decent men, at moments approaching saintliness; they gave their all. Are we living in a tragic age when brilliance, decency, and devotion are no longer enough? Or should we just score the Carter years as a strong point in any conservative argument? □

A Colder Eye: The Modern Irish Writers
By Hugh Kenner
Knopf, 299 pp., $16.95

THE SHANACHIE

HERBERT KENNY

Is it 27 years since Hugh Kenner gave us *Dublin's Joyce* and juggled all those startling insights into a stunning explication of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, pulling analogies out of history like piebald rabbits out of a hat, to keep us dazzled as he enlightened us? It is, and the passage of those years has so altered our perceptions that he need no longer argue with us, or wrestle down Wyndham Lewis, or lean on the dulia we too often accord to academic solemnity, which last he never really did. He can now simply settle back and chat, reminisce, muse, meditate, charm, and delight. This is what he has done in *A Colder Eye*. But it is not only our perceptions that have changed; Mr. Kenner has changed too. He is, in this, his latest book, more shanachie than scholar; he has come, he says, "to tell a coherent story." What he has in fact become, from so long immersing himself in the resplendent tide of the Irish Literary Renaissance, is an Irish writer. Ireland has been Hibernicizing outsiders for at least eight centuries, and Kenner, Canadian-born, has enough Celtic blood (Welsh and Scottish and a hint of Cornish) to be susceptible to the transmogrification.

What the galaxy of Irish writers from Shaw through Beckett has done, Kenner shows, is to take the linguistic helm and steer us to a new language

—International Modernism—of which American, Irish, and British are three dialects. F. R. Leavis was right to exclude *Ulysses* from the great tradition of English literature blessed by Saintsbury. All England failed to understand *Ulysses*, T. S. Eliot alone having had enough American vision left to recognize its significance. Wyndham Lewis, despite the American-ness of his own perceptions, got it all, Kenner tells us, quite wrong. We can forget him now; although in an index giving each cognomen a one-word identification Lewis is "enemy." (Leavis is "moralist," Walter Pater, "prosateur," Hamlet, "cunctator"; Edgar Allan Poe, somewhat mysteriously, is "inspissator"; W. B. Yeats, quite properly, is "founder.") Well, it's all great fun, but it's the text we're after.

The shanachie is a master of the anecdote. Whether he is telling us about a tipster who has a picture of the real-life Blazes Boylan or about Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty's lightning witticisms, or describing for us the tragicomic developments of an Irish revolution, Kenner is sure-footed and serene, whatever the heights, however rocky the course.

The first nights of *The Playboy of the Western World* at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin have been recounted a thousand times, but never more vividly than here. Threading his way through etymologies, he is scholarly and brisk. He has an appraiser's eye for the significant detail, and the empathy that excludes cruelty. He shares with Joyce a predilection for calendric calculation and numerical coincidence.

His concern with the calendar and his talent for anecdote combine to trace the modulations of Irish patriotic fervor from Yeats and Maud Gonne and Lady Gregory and Synge to Sean O'Casey, to Joyce, to Kavanagh, to Beckett. When the Easter Rising occurred in 1916 and Yeats had a glimpse of the "terrible beauty," whatever disillusionments followed, that fracture in the British bone structure was not unrelated to the same spiritual forces that were driving Joyce and others to snatch the English language, kill it, wake it, and revivify it. Kenner reflects that that year was the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare—a long run for a dramatist and a long run for a language without an *Académie*. (When he brings in the date of Shakespeare's birth he is dealing, of course, with a pseudo-fact, which, as he explains, is an Irish specialty.)

Kenner also deals with Paddy Kavanagh and Austin Clarke as "two eccentrics," not impugning their work, which he admires; and writes a brilliant brief chapter on Brian O'Nolan, who, writing as Flann O'Brien, was a distinguished novelist and who, as Myles na gCopaleen, S. J. Perelman thought the funniest writer alive. Seamus Heaney, John Montague, Thomas Kinsella, and others fall into the "post-modern" period, which we hope will now come under the full scrutiny of Hugh Kenner. First, however, we would like from him a full-length study of Brian O'Nolan/Flann O'Brien/Myles na gCopaleen, which might require the acquisition of the Irish language.

A Colder Eye has a Celtic circularity (the opening sentence of *Finnegans Wake* is the end of this book's closing line). As a recapitulation, it is conclusive, but it is also an admirable initiation for anyone who, late as it is, would like to catch up on what the Irish Literary Renaissance was—is—all about. □

The One-Star Jew
By David Evanier
North Point, 223 pp., $15

NEW YORK IN AMBER

MILTON HINDUS

The witty idea in this book's title story reminded me of a passage in *A Portrait of the Artist*. It comes in the Christmas-dinner scene in which Mr. Dedalus, pointing to a picture of his grandfather on the wall, says: "He was a good Irishman when there was no money in the job." In a professional public-relations organization like the JFI (Jews for Israel), there are "six-star Jews" like Isaac Zavelson ("stiff as a ramrod, a straight arrow, six foot

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three, his face a starched white"), who declares roundly, "I am a full-fledged, proud Jew. . . . I have nothing to be ashamed of." There are also "one-star" marginal Jews like Luther Glick, "a thin man in his mid-fifties, with a beard and a mustache, his grey hair forming a ponytail in the back, held together by a rubber band," who is *into* "cosmic consciousness" and a Buddhist sect that meets in a church attic in Westchester.

Not surprisingly, it is Luther who is the subject of Mr. Evanier's compassionate, humorous, highly individualized sketch (more humorous, I found, on a second reading than at first). In fact, compassion, humor, individualization—these or variations upon these qualities are characteristic of all 14 stories in this collection. They are found in the longest of them ("The One-Star Jew," which runs forty pages) as well as in the shortest ("A Safe Route on 83rd Street," which is less than three pages.)

My first knowledge of David Evanier as a writer came through an admiration we share for the poetry of Charles Reznikoff. I was interested to note that, in this collection, the name and work of Charles Reznikoff are modestly introduced, almost like a signature in the corner of a canvas. It happens in the story "My Rabbi, Ray Charles, and Singing Birds," when Rabbi Levine is asked by the couple at whose wedding he is officiating to read Reznikoff's poem "Kaddish" at the ceremony ("Kaddish" is a variation on the prayer for the dead). He is perfectly willing but suggests the removal of the last two lines, which to him "were too depressing, too disturbing." But the young people insist that the poem be read intact, and the rabbi finally agrees.

The incongruity of this incident seems almost emblematic of Evanier's dour naturalistic vision of the world, which I am tempted to compare with that of Céline, who once said to me as we were watching a happy couple emerging from a Danish church with a wedding party: "Another victim!" Evanier's pessimism about a programmed, deterministic universe is summed up most succinctly perhaps by Luther Glick, when he says to the narrator: "We make the small decisions, Bruce. The big decisions are made for us. We drift in a half-lotus position, in complete unawareness. I used to have this little imp telling me how to think, how to dress, how to behave properly. He's still talking to me all the time. Now I tell the little imp to just f--- off."

As can be seen from this example, the book is written in clear, hard-edged prose, and yet its innermost core is poetic. Evanier is a New Yorker in a sense in which *The New Yorker* hardly is (*The New Yorker*, I would say, is a non-New Yorker's idea of what a New Yorker is or ought to be). Evanier is as deeply of New York as Villon was of medieval Paris, or as Whitman and Reznikoff were of Manhattan. Some of his paragraphs, in their own humble way, seem to have the somber tonalities of "*Où sont les neiges d'antan?* . . ." This one, for example:

> We agreed to meet at Nathan's on Times Square. . . . I walked around the square and had another drink. Everywhere the landmarks were gone. Toffernetti's had been where Nathan's now stood, with its giant strawberry shortcake in the window and its organist; gone were the Paramount and the Automat off Eighth Avenue and the Laffmovie where my father had taken me every Sunday. In their place were violent porn, blank sullen eyes, and red hats. A bodiless beggar: a head, shoulders, arms, hands holding pencils, scooted himself along the ground on a wooden platform with wheels. Immaculately dressed Moslems had set up a little table and were selling pamphlets, their hand-lettered signs said: "Whites, nothing you can do now."

Of Jewish New York, Evanier preserves certain vignettes, like flies in amber:

> Ben Knapp, a fund-raiser, dies suddenly, at the bottom of the stairs of the subway station at Times Square. "Imagine, dainty Ben—so clean and proper, to go like that," Luther comments.

> Stephen [an indefatigable intellectual and author of twenty books, recovering from a heart attack in the hospital] is propped up, trying to make me feel at ease, trying to do all the talking and to comfort me, but his voice is a whisper. He has already read today's *Times Book Review* section ahead of me. He summarizes Irving Howe's review of a new book by Lucy Dawidowicz: *The War against the Jews 1933-1945*, giving me the high points of the review. Then he analyzes Howe's opinions.

> When we are walking on the street, Murray suddenly stops me, grabs my arm, and shouts, his fingers pointing, "There goes Abie the Ape! There he goes. Look over there, Bruce." Later he tells me that Abie is an old anarchist and that he hasn't seen him in 15 years. "Ah, what's the point . . ." he trails off.

It is out of such "pointless" observations, anecdotes, stories, that Evanier has made an absorbing, readable, thoughtful book that, though never crudely calculating or exploitative of sentiment, arouses a real feeling of nostalgia and recognition in an old New Yorker of an earlier generation. Were it not for a very youthful epigraph to the book from Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*, I would be tempted to say of Evanier that, as a Yiddish expression has it, he is a young man with an old head on his shoulders. □

Midnight Water
By Geoffrey Norman
Dutton, 264 pp., $13.95

NOTHING SPECIAL

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Those who have followed Geoffrey Norman's journalism in the pages of *Esquire* and elsewhere know him as a writer of extraordinary clarity and power. Now he has written a novel, and it is cause for rejoicing. If it is a sign of things to come from Norman's typewriter, it will not be long before the critics are calling Norman an important new voice in American fiction and making the inevitable comparisons to Hemingway.

Midnight Water is the story of Dan Carpenter, who (like the author) served in Vietnam with the Special Forces, and who has just left a marriage and a job as a political consultant. He heads south, to a town on the Florida Gulf Coast near where he grew up. When he left Westin years ago it was a town that drew its living from the sea. It still does, but cocaine and marijuana have outpaced snapper and shrimp as Westin's major imports. This has attracted a new breed of citizen: the hip and the shallow, the mindless and the mellow. Most of them are harmless burnt-out types whose brains disappeared some time ago along with their nasal membranes. The dangerous ones are those who have lost their souls. When they kill two of Carpenter's friends, Carpenter goes after them. In a literature crowded with stories of revenge, Norman's stands with the best.

Carpenter is a quiet man of honor,

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compassion, moral authority, and existential humility. Vietnam did not turn him into that largely mythological product of hack writers and third-rate scenarists: the psychopathic vet; rather, it made him acutely aware of his place in the universe. It is not an exalted place, and, amidst the narcissism of contemporary society, this carries an appealing, almost heroic virtue. Musing on a shrapnel wound, he remembers the conviction it wrought:

> *There's nothing special about you. Nothing. An ordinary man and all the ordinary things can happen to you.*
>
> *Nothing special.* He had said the words to himself every day since then . . . he'd slowly learned to take some real comfort from the words. There was reassurance in knowing that he was ordinary and mortal and that nothing would happen to him that had not already happened to millions before him and was still happening to thousands around him every day. . . . It was the one thing that he had learned in that war and now he could pull it out and use it again. Families collapsed every day and there was no reason that his should not. . . .

This daily prayer of Carpenter's gives him a kind of moral armament against the predators of Westin. One of them, Fanning, is also a Special Forces veteran, but the evil in him is central to the man and not the result of his experiences in Vietnam. He is a cool killer and as thoroughly evil a man as any you are likely to meet in fiction. How else to describe a man who casually drowns a woman's small poodle because it lifted its leg on his beach blanket; a man who for kicks puts human heads at the bottom of punch bowls? His final confrontation with Carpenter is enormously satisfying.

Norman is a writer of the most engaging peeves, among them Hollywood Maoists, George McGovern, lawyers, the Kennedys (the title is a reference to Chappaquiddick), mellowness, Congress, and small men who act big. He describes, for instance, an agent of the Drug Enforcement Agency as exuding "an aura of borrowed authority." Some of the more entertaining asides in *Midnight Water* occur when Norman homes in on some especially puncturable balloon.

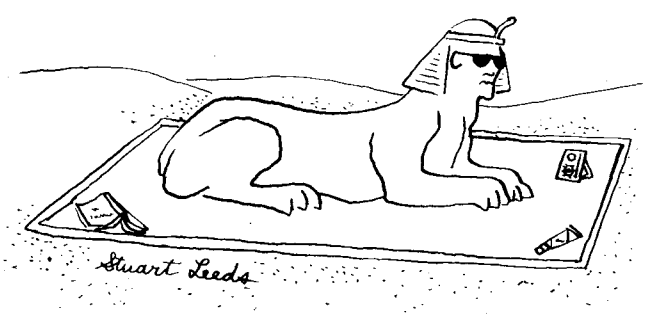
One of his characters finds intolerable the fact that people go about quoting Thomas Wolfe's line, "You can't go home again," without ever having picked up one of his books:

> You can follow the corruption of a line like that. First it starts showing up in magazine articles like some kind of planted pearl. Then you start reading it in newspaper editorials. The kind they run on Veterans Day. When the movie stars start using the line in interviews, you know that it has become worthless.

Norman is a Southerner and he writes like one, which is to say he writes like a dream. He can be clinically, even wryly, precise, as in this description of the effects of cocaine: "Dry, desert air infiltrated his sense and warmed his skin like an electric coil . . . He felt a wave of clarity and precision spreading out from the front of his skull . . . a suffusion that took over his body at just the right speed. It was not fast enough to take him by surprise, like the rush of anger; or so slow that you did not notice it happening, like the incremental buildup of fear. He felt absolutely fine . . . Carpenter talked like a man in politics"; and he can find the graceful, startling metaphor in the wasteland, as in this memory of Vietnam: ". . . his men looped the cable under the dead man's arms and signaled for the chopper crew to winch him in. The body rose slowly, stiffly. Some rigor mortis had set in so the body was rigid and twirled slowly on its aching ascent. The arms were extended and spread, like a child reaching out to be picked up by its mother. Two dozen dirty, fatigued, terrified men watched absolutely silent and still as the body slowly rose against the endless blue sky, twisting and reaching until the crewmen grabbed an outstretched arm and pulled it through the cargo door and it was gone."

He has that Southern gift for simile. Someone tells Carpenter he is "busy as a one-legged Cajun at an ass-kicking contest." An eyewitness to Fanning's drowning of the poodle tells Carpenter, "You can just feel the evil coming off him like heat off a griddle." And there is a nicely *noir*, rustic tone to a deputy sheriff's explanation to a group of locals of why four bodies have just turned up on a beach. "Tells you this, boys . . . they're dope killings. And I look at them this way, you got to have a few every year just to thin out the herd."

Midnight Water is beautifully written; there are a dozen or so superb stylistic moments in it, and these alone would make the novel an achievement. But to put it bluntly it is also a hell of a good story and a hell of a good read. First novels tend, as Calvin Trillin says, to have a shelf life somewhere between yogurt and milk. It would be grievous if that were the case here, because *Midnight Water* is an important debut by a writer who, unlike his protagonist, is indeed something special. □



I Need More
By Iggy Pop with Anne Wehrer
Karz-Cohl, 128 pp., $9.95

THE ROCK STUFF

D. KEITH MANO

Ig Pop was brought up in a trailer somewhere around Ann Arbor, Michigan. (". . . just the most wonderful place to be exposed to purely mechanical sounds . . . and I . . . used to spend hypnotic hours just listening . . . to what's called a space heater.") Later young Iggy would found The Stooges, who did rock music in punk style before 1970. Before 1970, mind, punk was just that stuff you lit up to keep a mosquito away. Innovation is what we're about here. ("It was a sweeping sound, like Mongolian horsemen charging in, thousands of them, little Tartars with swords, frequencies only a geek can hear.") Ig might mutilate himself onstage ("Nothing you wouldn't get from a crown of thorns") or dress in "what the pimp wears around the garden." Then drug abuse split his screen: he entered a mental motel for some time. ("Exactly like when the vertical goes on your TV, spinning around at the rate of ¼ of a second.") Ig never has had great commercial success, but

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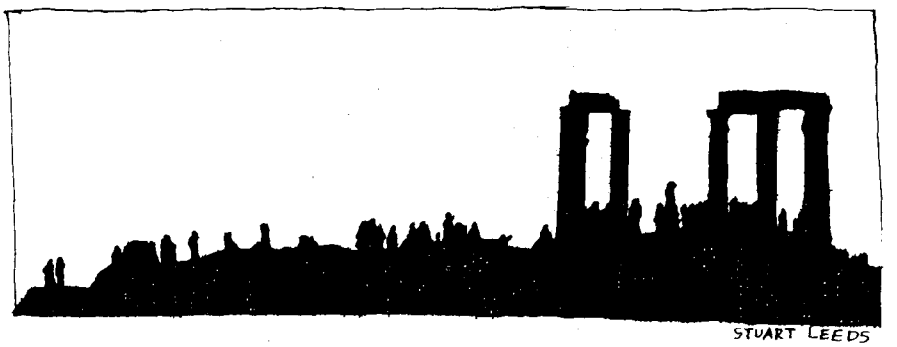

his rock influence is fat topsoil. The Sex Pistols and David Bowie, to name some, acknowledge his contributory negligence. As for Ig himself, aside from a space heater, "Just the sheer presence of electricity, in large doses, has always made me feel real comfortable and calm, especially the way a very large amplifier . . . will push air . . . that's basically what amps do, they push air and they push me too."

Listen, I don't know rock music from cream of raccoon soup. Strong prose, however, I can hum along with. Iggy Pop (a/k/a Jim Osterberg, age 36) has strung together a sharp, ozone-splitting and instructive autobiographical riff here. From it, while being hamstrung by laughter, you might learn, for instance, that rock music is men in groups. A band has street-gang bonding: the names could come from *West Side Story*. They don't assault with a switchblade, but with all that shoved air. And women are peripheral, "groupies"—belonging to the whole male tribe, not to any one man.

Rock is also set apart by language. Nowhere has colloquial English gotten itself more cowboyed-out, more vital and exotic, than in the drug/rock culture. Because, on one side, drug-taking is illegal and tends to scare up a euphemistic, clandestine glossary. Because, on another, rock is super-mechanical —even your most passionate singer should know where all his jacks plug in. The natural prose excitement of *I Need More*—overdubbed atop a rock-lyric repetitious, insistent diction line—is, you might say, half machine and half hallucination. "I'm sure the constant exposure to amplifiers and electric guitars and hearing my own voice amplified, has altered my body chemistry, in which, after all, the life lives."

Amplification and amphetamine have each a different etymological parent. They are, nonetheless, pretty much in the same exaggerative business. If his guitar is electrified, then, to keep even, a rock singer must wire his head and voice as well. There might be imbalance otherwise. But this induces an artificial heightening that, in turn, can draw danger, even death itself. Ig, trailer-born, has hit on the obvious analogy—to Tom Wolfe's *Right Stuff*. Both astronaut and rock singer ride gain on their powerful electronic gear. One will achieve control through rigorous discipline and implacable pragmatism. The other through emotion and a chemical mind-booster pack. Neither state is particularly normal. Spaced-out, trip, flying: vocabularies overlap. Stuff, in fact, can mean heroin. Furthermore, both astronaut and rock singer come from a male bond group. "Having the right stuff also means that you've got the wife. It doesn't matter that you may widow her, or that she's practically an accessory to your airplane. . . . Having the right stuff is the same in rock. Like, one thing you don't want to do in rock is get hung up on girls." The Iggle has landed.

And, as with your dull-as-pemmican Glenn or Armstrong, there is an indomitable (and cunning) American spirit throughout this delightful, fuel-injected book. So what if Ig "has been spat on more than any person alive outside of, I would say, a member of the prison system." So what if, gig after gig, Stooge drummer Rock Action sold off the drum set to buy smack—until one night Ig turned around, mike in hand, and saw, apparently, just a cymbal left? Poor record sales, a dance with suicide, lack of fame—Ig is surprisingly unbitter. Also he owns the most perceptive-succinct interpretation of Jeffersonian republicanism ever stated. Listen to this quote from a *Cream* interview:

> Take the pursuit of happiness. The men who wrote that into the Declaration, they were all nutters. They were occult dilettante dabblers, and they knew what they were saying when they said you had the right to the *pursuit* of happiness: Good. Luck. Boy.

I think he has it there: the essence of American constitutional law and its guarantees. Put that to music and you've got a rock anthem. □

TELEVISION

LOOSE CANNON

JOSEPH SOBRAN

"I think he's had a fairer press than he deserves."

It was most meet that this exquisite sentence should drop from the mustachioed lips of Lou Cannon, chief Reagan-watcher of the *Washington Post*. Lou ends each weekly column on the President with a "Reaganism of the Week," some minor verbal slip selected to reinforce the contempt of the cognoscenti for the dope in the Oval Office.

No doubt it is as pleasant as easy to sit back with a pen and draw a bead on the Class Enemy's off-the-cuff oral performances. Most of us do trip over syntax now and then. How perfect, therefore, that Lou himself, interviewed on camera for Hodding Carter's *Inside Story*, should blurt out a Cannonism that gave the game away. He was asked whether the press had been fair to Reagan. Fair? Hell, too fair by half! I was reminded of my favorite Irish bull: "Half the lies our enemies tell about us aren't true!" Lou's first effort in this department suggests that he might, with sufficient exposure, rival the great Sir Boyle Roche as a tangle-tongue. He has already topped anything Reagan ever said.

Lou's maiden gaffe had, however, more than a personal significance: he spoke, in his way, for many of his colleagues, who told Carter they thought they had been culpably fair to Reagan. They agonized over whether they should "let the public know" what they know, and are saying among themselves, about Reagan's ignorance, confusion, shallowness, etc. Some spoke of their "duty" to "inform" the public. You would think they were talking about the Pentagon Papers again.

The implication, of course, was that they were dealing here with simple matters of fact, when the real issue was one of ideology. They disapprove of Reagan's philosophy, and they are feeling their way to a concerted attack, as in

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those heady days of Watergate. But Reagan is so charming that they doubt they can bring it off.

What Carter was really showing us was the inner councils of the Hive, where tactical problems are framed as ethical questions. The bees themselves don't know what they are saying or how they look to outsiders as they buzz about exchanging their coded signals. There's nothing really secret or conspiratorial about it; on the contrary, they form their swarms in a rather haphazard way.

Eager to attack, and making no bones about it, was Mary McGrory, also of the *Post*, shown at a press conference tossing Reagan a sarcastic question about his wealth: Was he going to set a good example for other rich people by giving a lot of money to charity this year? (Mary is keenly interested in other people's wealth.) Reagan laughed at himself, answered cheerfully, and won the other reporters over. Only Mary herself remained sour. The man is so winningly Middle American he makes me feel like a Czech spy.

Less bitchy and more catty than Mary was Liz Drew, who adopted the Thoughtful Approach, sounding mildly alarmed that a man so much at sea on the facts should be at the helm of the state, and so forth. Liz is too carefully poised to say it like Lou.

Finally Carter showed a discussion among William Greider, Andrea Mitchell, and Sam Donaldson. Greider, formerly of the *Post*, has somehow wound up doing punk-left commentary for *Rolling Stone*, which is to political analysis roughly what *Penthouse* is to chivalry. He used to have a reputation in Washington as a "good writer," meaning he could pitch ideological spitballs without the ump spotting him wetting up. He slumped in his chair like a vulture that had lost its muscle tone.

Greider was of the faction that thought Reagan should be exposed as a mangler of facts on the Nixonian scale. Miss Mitchell, NBC's White House correspondent, really didn't think Reagan was so bad. But it was Sam Donaldson who surprised me.

Bulling ahead, as always, Sam said it was one thing to correct Reagan's misstatements, when he made them, but another to undertake a "meat axe" approach designed to make the President appear "a boob and a ninny," even if that was what We of the Press personally thought him to be.

"I didn't mean that," Greider protested, retreating hastily. Oh yes you did, Bill. That's just exactly precisely absolutely what you meant. Sam's lack of subtlety served him well, embarrassing a character whose specialty is laying traps for others. (Greider conducted the famous interviews with David Stockman for *The Atlantic* two years ago.)

The same week also gave us a Hive newcomer, Miss Ariela Gross of Princeton, New Jersey. A high-school senior, the canny Miss Gross announced her own trap for Reagan: At the ceremony honoring her and a hundred other Presidential Scholars, she was going to hand the President a petition for a nuclear freeze. Telling one and all about her "conscience," which was due to erupt like a geyser at the appointed hour, she enabled the press to prepare for the event with cameras and microphones.

The media people dutifully arrived to record the outward and visible expression of Miss Gross's spiritual convulsions, but Reagan queered the whole thing by the simple expedient of granting her a special, but alas private, audience, at which, she later complained to Ted Koppel, *he* did all the talking. A dirty trick on his part, as Tom Brokaw seemed to agree. Who is this President to expect fairness? □

FILM

FAREWELL SYMPHONY

JOHN SIMON

Few things are sadder than the attempt of a great artist, hitherto fully appreciated only by a minority, to reach the masses—regardless of whether or not the attempt succeeds. This is what Ingmar Bergman has undertaken with *Fanny and Alexander*, supposedly his last theatrical film, though he proposes to continue working in theater, opera, and television, for which he has just made a film. Sure enough, *Fanny and Alexander* is Bergman's first box-office smash in Sweden, and bids fair to do well everywhere. It is also the most expensive Swedish film ever made, and it is certainly a work that Bergman views as a summing-up of his entire career—another fatal step for an artist. Recapitulation is for historians and philosophers; artists can only go forward, more or less successfully mark time, or indulge in sorry parodies of their past achievements.

Once before Bergman gave us an anthology of his previous work—in *Cries and Whispers*, a poor film but less so than this one. At least it was a pastiche of his harsh, uncompromising, personal films; here he is out for something more cheerful and crowd-pleasing, which he was never good at, except coincidentally, in such films as *Smiles of a Summer Night*. In fact, *Fanny and Alexander* is almost on a level with Bergman's biggest dud, *The Serpent's Egg*, where he was trying for a sociopolitical document, something entirely alien to his art. His great—indeed unequaled—strength lies in relatively short, intense, extremely personal films about relationships between men and women, or about individuals caught between the wish to live and the longing to die, between faith in divine or secular love and soul-crunching despair. Some of his pictures are referred to as chamber films, by analogy with chamber music; but even those with more players are concerti grossi in which a few instruments function as a chamber group against larger but almost undifferentiated background forces.

Fanny and Alexander, conversely, is meant to be a huge canvas comprising a family chronicle, a Gothic romance, even a *roman fleuve*—with, actually, periodic shots of a river denoting, rather uninspiredly, the passage of time. It is also a foray into popular metaphysics and—another Bergman favorite—a disquisition on the relationship between art, here called "the little world," and reality, "the big world." The little world becomes, somewhat confusingly, identified also with the extended family in its room-temperature conviviality as against the wind-buffeted outside world of politics and society, for the ignoring of which Bergman here seems to ask for indulgence if not justification.

It is 1907 in Uppsala and we are in the great house of the Ekdahls, presided over by grandmother Helena, a benevolent matriarch just now overseeing the preparations for Christmas. Helena has three sons. Oscar, the eldest, manages the city theater, in which his wife, the lovely Emilie, is the star. They have two children: Alexander, ten, and Fanny, eight; the boy is clearly a stand-in for the young Ingmar, what with his puppet theater and magic lantern. The

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middle son is Carl (a professor according to the screenplay, which, as usual with Bergman, only this time more so, differs substantially from the finished film), who drinks and is unhappily married to a German woman considered beneath his station; she is devoted to him, but he treats her badly. The youngest son, Gustav Adolf, is a successful restaurateur and lecher, now carrying on with Maj, a sweet, buxom, lame chambermaid, whom his bouncy wife, Alma, jovially tolerates.

Nearby is the store and dwelling of Isak Jacobi, a Jewish money lender and dealer in antiques, with whom Helena (in the script, she is *née* Mandelbaum, but the film makes nothing of this) has had an affair followed by a steady friendship. He, too, is invited for Christmas, as are all family members with their children. The film is mostly a series of set pieces: Alexander alone in the still, pre-Christmas house; the nativity play at the theater, wherein Emilie plays the Angel; the uproarious Christmas feast at which Gustav Adolf plays Priapus with Maj, and Carl puts on a display for the kids of candle-snuffing by breaking wind; the death of Oscar, with Alexander's reluctance to come to his father's deathbed. Such scenes do not flow properly into one another because the point of view shifts too often, because we do not stay with any character long enough to care, because there is nothing here that Bergman hasn't done better before, and we get bored.

Whether Oscar is giving a self-effacing address to the actors about how the little world of the theater makes people understand the big world outside better —unless it merely allows them to forget it for a while (Bergman the escapist—my God!); whether Carl is berating his patient, hapless wife, only to hurtle sobbing into her lap the next moment; whether Gustav Adolf is having a minor extramarital fiasco in Maj's bed downstairs or, the next moment, a minor marital success in the conjugal bed upstairs—none of this has the reverberations of its antecedents in earlier, ground-breaking Bergman films. So the director resorts to trickery. Oscar, who played the ghost in *Hamlet*, returns as an ineffectual ghost in the white garb of memory we recollect from *Wild Strawberries*—where, however, the ghosts were remembrances; Helena reminisces with Isak about their former affair during a late-night session of nostalgia—the titillation of adultery with a lowly Jew; Alexander keeps his spirits up at his father's funeral by reciting sotto voce a litany of obscenities—again, the supposed shock effect. And so on, until Emilie marries the handsome but coldly self-righteous Bishop Edvard Vergérus, who officiated at Oscar's funeral. Significantly, neither of her marriages is made credible.

Edvard insists that Emilie and the children come to him with a minimum of possessions. They are now subject to insidious discipline and a variety of obnoxious female relatives such as Edvard's dour mother and smarmy spinster sister, as well as such treacherous servants as the masochistic maid, Justine (note the Sadian echo). The house is chill and austerely underfurnished; the kids are often kept under lock and key in their room with barred windows; there are dread rumors of how the first wife and *her* two children perished. Here one hopes for fertile cross-breeding of Gothic horror with Bergmanian sexual psychology, but gets instead chiefly supernatural hocus pocus, as when Isak springs the children from Vergérus's captivity by some not even very interesting magical tricks, or when, sheltered in Isak's domicile cum shop, Alexander is exposed to a number of supposedly scary experiences, such as the life-size puppets of Aron, Isak's nephew, or a session with Aron's brother, Ismael, kept under house arrest for alleged madness and indubitable supernatural powers. It is all dismally attitudinizing and hollow, a sort of cross between Carl Dreyer at his worst and John Fowles at his best, which is not far removed from his worst.

It all ends happily, with everyone in the right bed, more or less, and with the merrily widowed Emilie taking over the management of the theater with a production of *A Dream Play*, to star her and feature Helena in a comeback. It is a measure of Bergman's disingenuousness that the one quotation we get from the Strindberg work is optimistic, whereas the play as a whole couldn't be more pessimistic. And it is a measure of his eclecticism that the background music includes both an ingratiating Schumann piano quartet and Britten's forbidding Suite for Cello—something for everyone. And by way of trendiness, Ismael is played by a woman, and the bishop's aunt, Elsa, who sets the house on fire, by a fat man in drag—Bergman's bow to the loosening of sexual boundaries.

WHAT IS memorable here? Only two brief sequences. First, when Fanny and Alexander are awakened in the middle of the night by a shriek and timidly trek to their parents' bedroom. Mesmerized, they watch through a crack in the double door their wailing mother as she paces, arms flailing, up and down in front of the bed with her husband's corpse. The children in the dark, Emilie crossing and recrossing the narrow stripe of light, their silence and her ululation —this image haunts. Second, when, in Emilie's absence, Alexander is made to bend over with his pants down to receive Edvard's ferocious caning, and the bishop's mother holds the boy's head down against the table. She has been sewing, and one finger seen in close-up wears a thimble, thus equating sewing and sadism as routine household tasks. If only the rest of the film had such impact! Instead, there is even flabby dialogue, and the climactic christening speech by Gustav Adolf is an embarrassment of existential clichés.

It is nice, in this recapitulatory film, to re-encounter the old, unforgotten faces, even if the great Gunnar Björnstrand, his voice corroded by illness, gets only his now customary cameo role, and the once endlessly seductive Harriet Andersson is only too persuasive as the grizzled and desiccated Justine. The new actors are less resonant than the veterans, and Ewa Fröling, as Emilie, though pretty enough, lacks emotional range. As Alexander, Bertil Guve, of the cutely doll-like appearance, acts no better than a doll. Pernilla Allwin, as Fanny, is better, but has little to do. Children are not Bergman's spe-

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cialty. Erland Josephson's Isak and Gunn Wållgren's Helena come off best, but even Sven Nykvist's fine cinematography is not up to top form. *Fanny and Alexander* is an overstuffed film, and, in this case at least, more is decidedly less. □

DELECTATIONS

BABYLON REVISITED

NIKA HAZELTON

This year, my husband and I have had a number of out-of-town visitors anxious to see the obvious New York sights—Statue of Liberty, Empire State Building, museums, and so forth. However, we also introduced them to some newer New York sights, which are free, and which our visitors felt that everybody coming to New York should know about. These are peaceful places where you can rest up for more sightseeing and shopping and where you can meet friends without having to go into a bar or restaurant.

I am talking of the "atria"—public spaces carved out of the ground floors of the new skyscrapers that dominate the Forties and Fifties of Manhattan's East Side. Unlike the older skyscrapers, which gave the public a modest (often *very* modest) amount of open space outdoors, the newer buildings mostly have enclosed atria, generally embellished with lots of greenery. The one I like best is in the IBM building, at 57th Street and Madison Avenue, with its thin forest of enormously tall bamboo plants, many tables and chairs, a snack bar, and a shop belonging to the New York Botanical Gardens. The street corner is one of New York's noisiest, but inside, the quiet is astonishing and most restful. It is a pleasure to sit there contemplating life over a dish of ice cream and a piece of rather good cake.

THE MOST talked-about space right now is the atrium of the Trump Tower, at Fifth Avenue and 56th Street, where the builder tore down the beautiful Art Deco façade of the old Bonwit Teller store over the fervent protests of those of us who would like to see New York preserved in all its architectural variety. Here is luxury run wild—three tiers of some of the most expensive shops in the world: jewelry, clothing, shoes, leather goods, even a luxury delicatessen. Moving stairs flash up and down past the golden-brown marble walls arranged at interesting angles. In the center of the ground floor there stands a piano at which a very professional pianist makes high-class popular music, while elderly people sit on the benches around the walls clutching humble plastic shopping bags. The Trump atrium is undoubtedly the most imaginative product of the atrium fad. It must be seen.

Citicorp Center, at Lexington and 53rd Street, is now five years old and the most popular of all the atria. There is a garden in the basement, plus two levels of places to sit, small shops, and restaurants. Citicorp offers a formal schedule of daily entertainment. Also, be sure to go into the beautiful St. Peter's Lutheran Church, tucked into one corner of the giant building.

If you like to sit among artworks, go to the new Philip Morris Building at Park Avenue and 42nd Street, where the Whitney Museum of American Art has opened a branch. You'll find a modernistic Stonehenge effect and contemporary sculpture that is not at all *modern*, as a contemporary sculptor explained to me.

Then there is the atrium of the Olympic Tower, on Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street, which runs through to 51st Street. Here you can sit and have cocktails while contemplating a waterfall and some spectacular indoor foliage. The doormen, used to Arab bigshots as tenants, dislike outsiders who don't come up to their sartorial expectations, but they can't stop you from going in. And it *is* nice inside, looking at St. Patrick's and speculating what it would be like to have a swimming pool in your apartment as some tenants do (or so I am told).

A less successful atrium, to my mind, is that of the Galleria, at 117 East 57th Street. (This is the building in which Mr. Stewart Mott, a rich man who favors left-wing causes, was planning to construct a penthouse, complete with pool, garden, and a cow, but he backed out.) However, at Park Avenue and 45th Street there is the rather splendid Park Avenue atrium, with gilded elevators. There are benches for people to sit on, and usually some sort of exhibition. Meanwhile, if you like planted indoor space it would be worth looking at the grand-daddy of them all, the Ford Foundation at 320 East 43rd Street. It certainly is handsome, though somewhat claustrophobic.

Finally, the oldest of these "open spaces" is still the best: the Staten Island ferry, which gives you, for 25 cents, a view of the harbor and New York's skyline that people pay dearly for approaching by ocean liner. For decades the fare was a nickel, and old New Yorkers were aghast when it went up. But what is 25 cents for the world's most exciting view, especially at dusk when the lights are going on? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GENERATIONS OF THE FAITHFUL HEART: *On the Literature of the South, by M. E. Bradford (Sherwood Sugden, 216 pp., $4.95 paper).* Professor M. E. Bradford recently came to the attention of the casual public in connection with a squabble over who should be chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities. He did not get that largely administrative post, and American letters are surely the better for it. Bradford's achievement is both distinctive and intellectually rich. Life is best seen from a single window, Nick Carraway thought, and he may be right. Bradford's Southern perspective is a source of strength and intensity, as indeed it was for his subjects here: Faulkner (Bradford may be one of our two or three best commentators on Faulkner), Caroline Gordon, Tate, Davidson, Eudora Welty, Ransom, Warren, Percy. Behind the best criticism—and it has this in common with poetry and fiction—there is a fully imagined and tangible world. But Bradford's South is not exactly a single window. Behind it there looms the early American Republic, and behind that the world of Roman letters. Bradford brings to his work, as well, an extraordinary skill at rhetorical analysis, and a concrete sense of historical moment. This triple fusion in his work makes him virtually unique in American letters. If you don't know how good a writer the late Caroline Gordon was, find out about her here and then go to her works. JEFFREY HART

MILES DAVIS, *by Ian Carr (Morrow, 310 pp., $14.95).* From Great Britain, of all places, comes a solid new contribution to the growing body of reputable jazz scholarship: a well-written, critically acute, and biographically sound study of Miles Davis, the trumpeter who was to jazz in the Fifties and Sixties what Louis Armstrong was to jazz in the Twenties and Thirties. It has long been a truism in the business that the only thing worse than your aver-

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age jazz memoir is your average jazz biography; but Ian Carr, leader of the British jazz-rock group Nucleus, here brings off that rare exception, a jazz book that successfully aspires to the high standards of scholarship that prevail in other branches of musicology. Mr. Carr somehow does equal justice to both Davis's moody public persona and his formidable achievements as a musician, going further than any previous commentator toward putting the radical stylistic innovations of his subject into reasoned critical perspective ("I have to change," Davis once remarked. "It's like a curse.") Moreover, *Miles Davis* contains an all-inclusive, error-free discography, prepared by Brian Priestley. This book will doubtless come to be regarded, along with earlier landmark efforts like Gunther Schuller's *Early Jazz* or Dick Sudhalter's *Bix: Man and Legend*, as one of the few unquestioned classics in its field. Incidentally, Mr. Carr reveals that Davis and arranger Gil Evans once contemplated, as a sequel to their popular *Porgy and Bess* recording, an album devoted to Puccini's *Tosca*. I can see it now: Cicely Tyson as Tosca and Miles himself as Scarpia. What a jacket photo *that* would have made! TERRY TEACHOUT

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES: 1939-1941, *translated and edited by Fred Taylor (Putnam, 490 pp., $17.95)*. The banality of evil pervades this recently discovered (and apparently genuine) collection of diaries, which covers the last few months of peace and concludes with the invasion of Russia. Hitler's Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment was a prolific diarist who daily recorded the events he thought worth saving for posterity. One is immediately struck by the mixture of pomp (personal meetings with the Führer, including last-minute consultations concerning the Russian offensive) and pettiness (carping about bureaucratic rivalries, and Berlin gossip). He constantly complained about the conspirators around him (especially Ribbentrop) and the "contemptuous Italians." Nor could he understand the "stubborn English." He was baffled that the British didn't do more with Rudolf Hess's defection, exclaiming: "What I would have made of this case!" He frequently dismissed Churchill as a lout and a liar. Yet by 1941, Goebbels begrudgingly admitted that the British leader "has something." Particularly revealing are his constant references to "ineffective" British bombing "incursions into the Reich." Also interesting is a 1940 entry suggesting that once England was defeated, Hitler "will remain in office for a few years, carry through social reforms and his building projects, and then retire." A fascinating glimpse into the Third Reich's heart of darkness through the eyes of the sorcerer's apprentice. ALAN L. MILLER

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

SINCE THE accession last year of Yuri Andropov to the General Secretaryship of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, a number of writers have mentioned that one of the chief concerns of Brezhnev's successor is the inefficiency of the Soviet economy and of the bureaucracy and labor force behind it. According to Marshall I. Goldman, author of *USSR in Crisis: The Failure of an Economic System* (Norton, $15), Andropov has good reason for alarm. Goldman, who is associate director of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University and a former consultant to the U.S. Departments of State and Commerce, admits that he used to regard Western predictions of the collapse of the Soviet economy with considerable skepticism; now he is not so sure. "Conditions in the Soviet Union," he says, "have deteriorated significantly, and it will take some skill and wise leadership to find a safe course." It is now Goldman's turn to doubt, as he looks at the sclerotic leadership in the Kremlin.

With a degree of stubbornness that is almost admirable, the Soviet Union, Goldman writes, "seems to be moving further and further from the course taken by most of the other countries of the industrialized world." After nearly sixty years the Soviet government continues to adhere to the "Stalinist model," devoting the nation's productive energies to heavy industry—much of it, of course, producing military arms—at the expense of consumer goods. Even among Communist countries the USSR's tenacity is almost unique: Hungary has seen fit to allow certain relaxations of Marxist dogma, and the People's Republic of China is doing the same thing. Goldman's book, in fact, received its original stimulus when the author, on a trip to China, was asked by his hosts to deliver a series of lectures on the probable direction in which the economy of the USSR was likely to develop over the next decade: "It turned out . . . that what really interested the Chinese was not what was going to happen to the Soviet Union, but what would happen to China if it failed to alter its course and reform its economy."

Until the 1960s there was concern among many Western economists that the USSR's economy would overtake and surpass that of the United States by 1980. Whatever changes may have occurred in the balance of military power between the two countries over that period, the economic prediction, from the vantage point of 1983, is seen to be laughable.

> A country that was once the world's largest grain exporter has, under the Stalinist model, become the world's largest grain importer. . . . The Soviets lead the world in steel production but they are far behind in the production of high-technology products like computers. . . . Because there is relatively little to buy, the consumer ends up with very large savings and very little respect for money. Thus money is not much of an inducement to work. . . . Beginning in 1980, a series of strikes, demonstrations, and riots has taken place. . . . Almost 65 years after the Revolution, the Soviet Union has found it necessary to reintroduce food rationing into many large cities. And steel production, the system's proudest achievement, has not been immune . . . ; in 1981, steel production actually fell below the level reached in 1978. . . . These problems are compounded by the fact that an earlier drop in population growth now means that there will be fewer workers entering the labor force.

All these problems could be more easily dealt with, Goldman believes, if certain political reforms were possible. However, that appears unlikely.

THERE IS no more conservative form of government than an entrenched Marxist-Leninist government. The Kremlin has 65 years of unfulfilled promises to its people behind it, and it fears that any relaxation of the rules will lead to a domestic situation akin to Poland's. Nevertheless, Goldman believes, while the Russians are a stoical people, the flashpoint may be approaching; when and if it arrives the repercussions will not be confined to the USSR. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Reagan's Example of Burrocratese

Action-oriented orchestration, innovation, inputs generated by escalation of meaningful, indigenous decision-making dialogue, focusing on multi-linked problem complexes, can maximize the vital thrust toward non-alienated and viable urban infrastructure. [From the President's remarks at *NR*'s Washington party; *NR*, April 1.]

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

SNEAKING OVER THE CLOISTER wall, the lights of a solitary bateau mouche, the four-year-old Buckingham Palace number, a partially revealed lottery ticket. To whom the above does concern: I realize that almost certainly I am too late or too presumptuous or both. And yet . . . I have to ask. Is it possible to make atonement, to redeem folly, to pick up the thread? —B. Write NR Box 3746.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Was It Worth Stealing?

On The Right

New York, July 1—It has not occurred to any of the Democrats who seek to make the disappearance of a copy of Jimmy Carter's notes an impeachable offense to ask: What was it that was in those notes that could have made a significant difference in the vote for President on November 4, 1980?

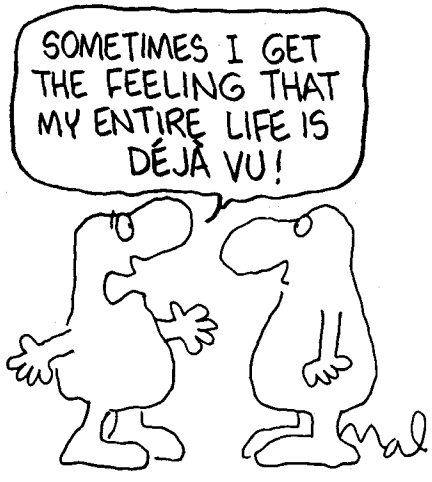
Or is the question entirely different, which is to say: Are they yelling and screaming because something that didn't belong to the Republicans was taken, never mind what that something was?

Consider first the question of substance. Now, there are a lot of people still alive who heard the great debate between Mr. Carter and Mr. Reagan. It does not stick in the memory as, say, a debate between Lincoln and Douglas. If one were to take everything said that evening by Mr. Carter and look there for something new, one would not find it. Mr. Carter took the predictable line, that the world would come apart if Mr. Carter were not re-elected to preside over that world. And, to be fair, Mr. Reagan said nothing new. Is there anything that Mr. Reagan said, in his remarks that night, that suggested advance knowledge of something that Mr. Carter was going to say, with the effect of neutralizing Mr. Carter? Well, was there?

No. The single memorable moment of that debate was the closing statement by Mr. Reagan. What he said was: If you think you are better off today, and that the country is better off today, than four years ago, then go ahead and vote for my opponent. Otherwise, vote for me.

That, the pollsters subsequently confirmed, was what did it. Because shortly before then, Mr. Reagan had referred to the Misery Index. Do you remember that? The Misery Index was something devised by the Democrats in behalf of Mr. Carter back in 1976, when Carter was running against President Ford. The Misery Index is quickly calculated, even by the schoolchildren in today's mathematics classes. You add the amount of inflation to the amount of unemployment. The Misery Index during the last months of the Administration of President Ford was 12.7 per cent. The Misery Index in the last months of Carter's Administration was more than 20 per cent. Mr. Reagan built upon that artifice, invented and promoted by the Democrats, on to the general sense of dissatisfaction with domestic and foreign policies. And won the election. Are the Democrats now suggesting that it occurred to Mr. Reagan to bring up the general dissatisfaction with Mr. Carter only after reading Mr. Carter's secret notes? What was in those notes: "If Reagan brings up general public dissatisfaction, quickly change the subject"?

What about the second point, that the document—termed now, by former press secretary Jody Powell, "vitally important"—was filched? We begin with the assumption that a folderful of photocopied campaign documents in the hands of candidate X is not conclusive proof that they were stolen from candidate Y. In 1944 the plans for the atomic bomb were discovered by a commuter who had picked up the wrong briefcase from a ticket window at Grand Central Station. The campaign documents could have been picked up at a hotel, or they might have been sent in to Reagan headquarters by a disaffected Democrat, who because he is not Daniel Ellsberg will not put in for the Pulitzer Prize. Or the person who filched the documents may have been the Republican equivalent of Dick Tuck. Perhaps you remember Dick Tuck, the Democratic bag-of-tricks man who had such fun at the expense of Goldwater and Nixon in 1964 and 1968 by planting spies, arranging for lewd and amusing demonstrations, at which we were all supposed to laugh, and in fact did. But even that is not proved. The only thing at this point absolutely provable is that Ronald Reagan said nothing, not one word, during the final days that could have suggested clandestine access to the mind of Jimmy Carter. Ostentatious moral narcissism by the Democrats is, however, nearly the only thing they have to write home about these days, the horrible alternative being Fritz Mondale's speeches. It's more fun to read about Republican knavery than about socialist policies. But when you come right down to it, Republican knavery in 1980 consisted in having persuaded the overwhelming majority of American states, yea even Massachusetts, to reject the incumbent, and go for Reagan. Good show, that. □



AN ECONOMIST BLASTS HIS PROFESSION

New York, June 29—The American political partisan tends to know everything about everything, particularly about the evil motives of people who disagree. We do need great doses of humility, but along comes a most interesting book that reminds us that not until after we have done apologizing for our arrogance to the baker and the candlestick maker, do we need to get around to the economists. It turns out that what we suspected is now an open secret. And that is that though they are very bright men, even as psychiatrists are for the most part very bright men, they really don't know very much about the discipline they profess. And from whom do we hear this? James Watt? Jerry Falwell? No. We hear it from Lester Thurow.

And that's important, because as social critic Irving Kristol observes, Lester Thurow is of the mandarinate if ever anyone was. In 1964 he received his doctorate in economics from Harvard. A mere eight years later, he was the principal economic advisor to presidential nominee George McGovern. Granted, it would have seemed more plausible if Mr. Thurow had given Mr. McGovern the economic advice McGovern took, when Thurow had been eight years younger. But anyway, the years went by, and Lester Thurow suddenly started to say very fresh and original things, for instance in his book *The Zero-Sum Society*. In his current book, *Dangerous Currents*, economist Thurow throws cold water on every school of economic thought. And that is his point: namely, that there ought not to be schools of economic thought. Because what then happens is that these schools become primarily interested in their own dogma, and

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they simply reach out, grab experience by the scruff of the neck, and force it to comply with said dogma. The result is intellectually interesting, but it doesn't tell you anything at all about the likely price of soybeans tomorrow, or what to do about unemployment, or the things we really want to know about economics.

What Thurow does is poke great holes in comprehensive economic positions, and never mind for the moment if he overdoes it. The monetarists (he claims) simply fail to take into account social variables that make Monday-morning stew of their predictions. The rational expectationists—if, as is unlikely, you will permit them this awful designation—are one part fatalists (whatever will happen will happen), one part know-it-alls (we know all the data in every situation). The macro-economists, who are the children of Keynes and never use fewer than nine digits in analyzing any economic situation, suffer from an incapacity to absorb things that actually happen, as distinguished from things that ought to happen, so that you get contradictions like stagflation. You aren't supposed to have, simultaneously, higher prices, and reduced production and consumption.

Then, finally, there are the micro-economists. Mr. Thurow likes to call them "price-auction" economists, the wisecrack being at the expense of those who say: Look, charge more for apples, and people will eat fewer apples, period, next question. It is true that micro-economics is not a law in the category of gravity. But although it is eternally true that men do not always act predictably with reference to incremental rises or falls in price level, it is still true that "price" "matters"—which is probably the most circumspect way of putting it. The experience with the capital-gains tax in 1978 is a recent case in point. The tax was reduced, and tax revenues rose. Interesting; but not surprising to those of us still informed by micro-economics.

But Mr. Thurow should be read for the wit and keenness of his insights into the great vulnerability of those solemn men who have told us fewer reliable truths during the past decade than any institutional competitor save possibly the international diplomatic establishment that runs the United Nations. The point is no more complicated, really, than the failure of the Edsel, or the mysterious absence of dishwashers and porters in areas blighted by unemployment. People will behave strangely, and economic inducements need to be measured against pressures that are not easily given an exclusively economic value, even as you do not ask Wallace Stevens how much, per hour, he got from selling insurance, compared with his per-hour income from composing poetry.

As economic reasoning becomes more difficult we need to remind ourselves that economists do not have handy the tools that permit scientists to correct their mistakes. There are always more guinea pigs into which to shoot Miracle X serum to see whether in fact it works. Economists cannot reorchestrate a recession, this time with a different formula of remedies. It is important to remember the discipline's limitations. But not to the point of disregarding central truths about human behavior, and one of these is that however one defines a profit, whether one is Wallace Stevens or Andrew Carnegie, that society is best off that cooperates in leaving our poets, and our industrialists, the freedom to pursue their muses. □

THE PROBLEM OF THE EDUCATED UNEMPLOYED

New York, July 6—Here is an interesting myth, the leveling of which causes some pain. The myth has it that the probability of suffering unemployment is slight, progressing to virtual non-existence, as you a) enter college, b) graduate from college, c) go on to professional school, d) particularly business school, e) pick up a law degree, and f) learn about computers while you are at it. Recent correspondence and talk with two gentlemen, one in his thirties, the other in his forties, exposed the myth. Hank (we'll call the first) has the lot—college, MBA, law degree, computer programming. Tom (the second), college and an MBA. Hank has been looking for a job for one year, Tom for two years. An incidental, but not irrelevant, qualification is their manifest intelligence. They speak as if professors of diction.

Both gentlemen have gone all the traditional routes—they have answered want-ads, sought out headhunters, passed along the word to what they call "the network." They have failed, and from their failure one learns something about America.

The general figures are these. Three per cent of college graduates are unemployed. Or a half-million people, all told. The figures aren't available on how many of these are specialists in business administration, but the legend is, as we know, that training in business is the likeliest key to immediate employment.

Hank has coined a useful aphorism. It is that "the easiest way to find a job is to have one." He illustrates. When he was working, he was from time to time sought out by other companies. Or, from time to time, he approached other companies seeking better opportunities. On such occasions his references were usually never even requested; and when they were, they were never checked. But since he lost his employment, all prospective employers begin by asking for references. The assumption, in America, continues to be that if you are out of work, it is your fault.

Tom speaks of the psychological distress of looking so long for a job. After every interview you torture yourself, wondering whether you made a correct impression, whether you spoke too much or too little, whether it was wise or not wise to give your previous salary—were you earning so much as to discourage the personnel people? Or not enough to impress them?

And then, inevitably, you begin to look over your shoulder at the jobs down there discharged by men and women who did not need all the fancy training Hank and Tom received. Take, for instance, driving a cab. Tom confesses that he could start driving a cab. Is that what he ought to do? A participant in the discussion raised the question: Just as America has got used to upward mobility, oughtn't it to get used to the phenomenon of downward mobility? To which the appropriate answer, surely, is: Yes—if the training was wasted on a particular person. If Hank and Tom got phony advanced degrees, if they were at the bottom of a listless class, then they are not really competent to serve as executives. But if competence is not in question, are they then expected to ditch their years of training, and drive cabs? Driving a cab is a perfectly honorable profession, but just as the doctor who spent four years in medical school would feel demoralized if he spent his professional time in a grocery store, so is it with those who have studied business, and law.

WHAT IS the organic answer to this? Is there such a thing? Hank fears greatly that the last recession is not something we are likely to climb out of with profuse opportunities for the executive-level unemployed. Because, he says, there was too much fat at the management level. And because computer technology is stepping in to perform tasks that up until now had required the services of accountants, and administrators. "We all know," another observer chimed in, "that Say's Law is a phony." Jean Baptiste Say was the French economist who postulated that inasmuch as human appetites are infinite, and the world's resources finite, there can never be such a thing as overproduction—merely mal-production. Production, in short, produces its own demand. So why are there unemployed? Among those who are skilled?

It is a tormenting problem. Tom points out that Mrs. Thatcher, in England, is vigorously engaged in problems of retraining, and in the circulation of opportunities to men unemployed in the north, to go to openings in the south. To those in the west whose skills are unneeded, to go east, where there is a shortage. Such circulation is clearly needed. In the meanwhile, capitalism faces a challenge. And those who man departments of personnel will do well to abandon the unjust presumption that those who are out of work are out of work because of incompetence. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A famous outlaw's padre — 52 11 19 83 92 226 134 162 128 197

B. What we all commit — 80 73 114 155 224 86 133 147 182 63

C. The Master called the Pharisees and Sadducees a "brood of ___ " — Matt. 3:7 (New American Bible) — 117 157 4 56 96 85

D. An Old Testament book — 123 74 142 203 216 9 208 119 24 94 118 137

E. Descendants of Heth — 38 173 200 211 17 227 8 87

F. "Cast ye the ___ into outer darkness." — Matt. 25:30 (King James) (2 words) — 156 12 124 161 202 88 108 120 135 183 191 209 18 29 177 181 143 37 220

G. "Through the ___ I will meditate on you." — Psalm 63:7 (New American) (2 words) — 16 25 140 35 136 40 23 93 198 213 221 43

H. A DRAWN THREAT (anagram) — 33 153 167 175 179 46 190 207 222 225 61 97

I. What the general does to the troops — 5 20 49 60 65 22

J. "You, Bethlehem-___ too small to be among the clans of Judah." — Micah 5:2 (New American) — 36 160 2 57 130 10 152 214 189

K. The author of *Two Years before the Mast* — 71 150 100 195

L. A famous outlaw's sibling — 91 21 48 121 44 132 188 201 6 139 148

M. "Abimelech asked him, 'What is the purpose of these seven ___ that you have set apart?' " — Gen. 21:29 (New American) (2 words) — 110 66 3 138 103 170 217 30

N. "She . . . wrapped him in ___ clothes." — Luke 2:7 (New American) — 127 107 199 81 113 144 15 196 131

O. One of the Psalms — 1 34 39 47 54 70 77 82 98

P. What the Biblical Mesopotamia is now called — 141 67 79 58

Q. About college students at the start of a relaxing golf game — 154 75 109 126 176 212 122 14 193 62 104

R. What collegians see a lot of — 171 192 106

S. Joseph's age when he was sold into slavery — Gen. 37:2 (New American) — 194 68 215 50 158 13 32 228 172

T. A word used by sailors and poultrymen — 76 89 163 205 115

U. Greeks who fought the Attic underground — 210 27 111 90 185 116 159 165

V. A body of water between Australia and New Zealand — 219 99 42 26 125 112 69 187 146

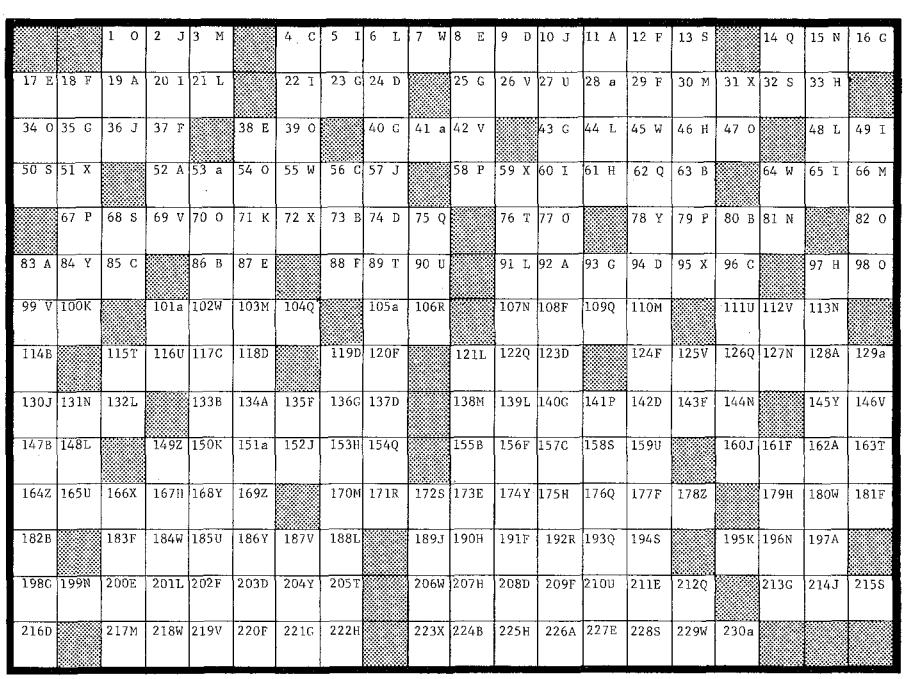
W. A type of furnace (hyphenated) — 45 206 218 64 102 184 180 229 7 55

X. A thing asked for — 51 72 223 59 95 31 166

Y. Takes a firm stand about — 84 168 78 204 145 186 174

Z. Newts — 164 149 169 178

a. One set up to serve as a cover (2 words) — 230 151 28 41 101 105 53 129



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 890 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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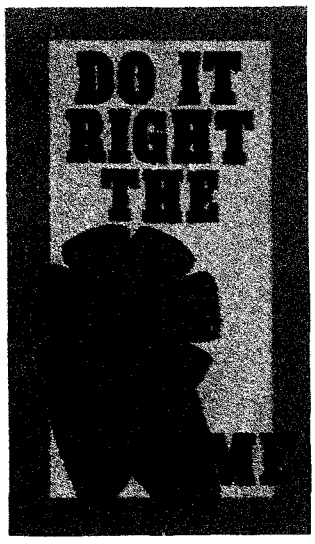

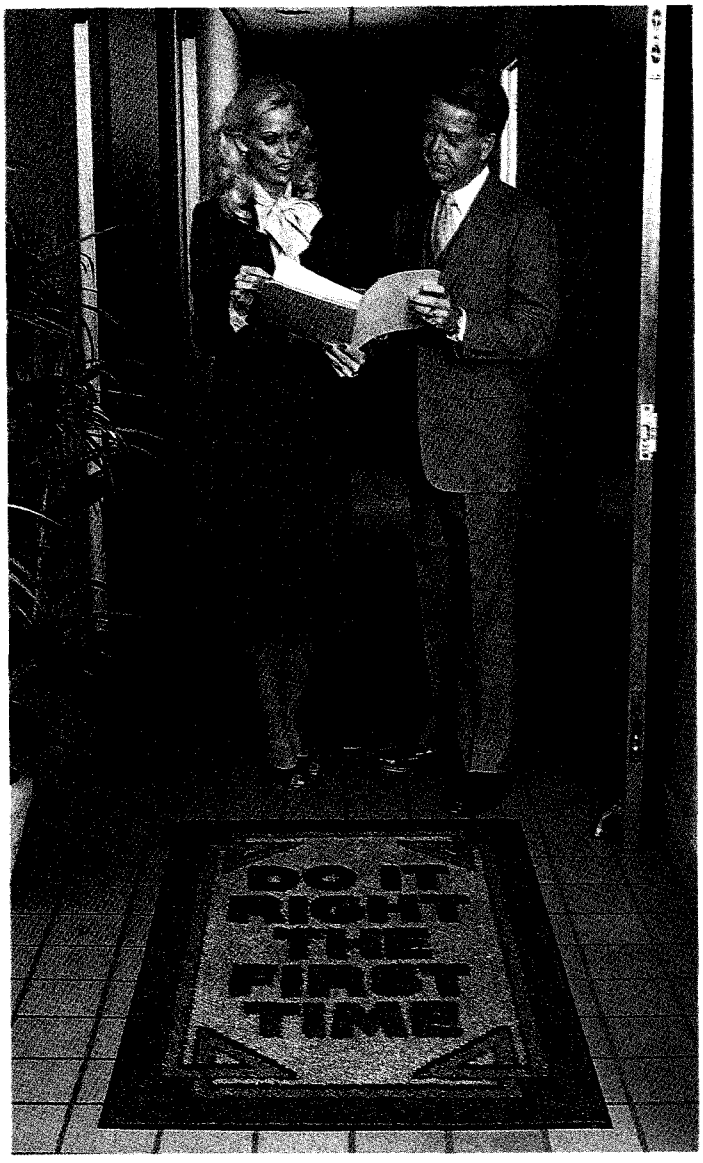

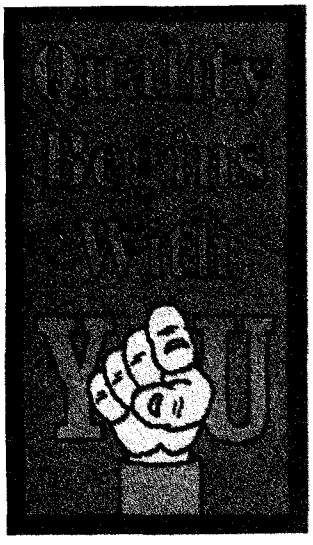

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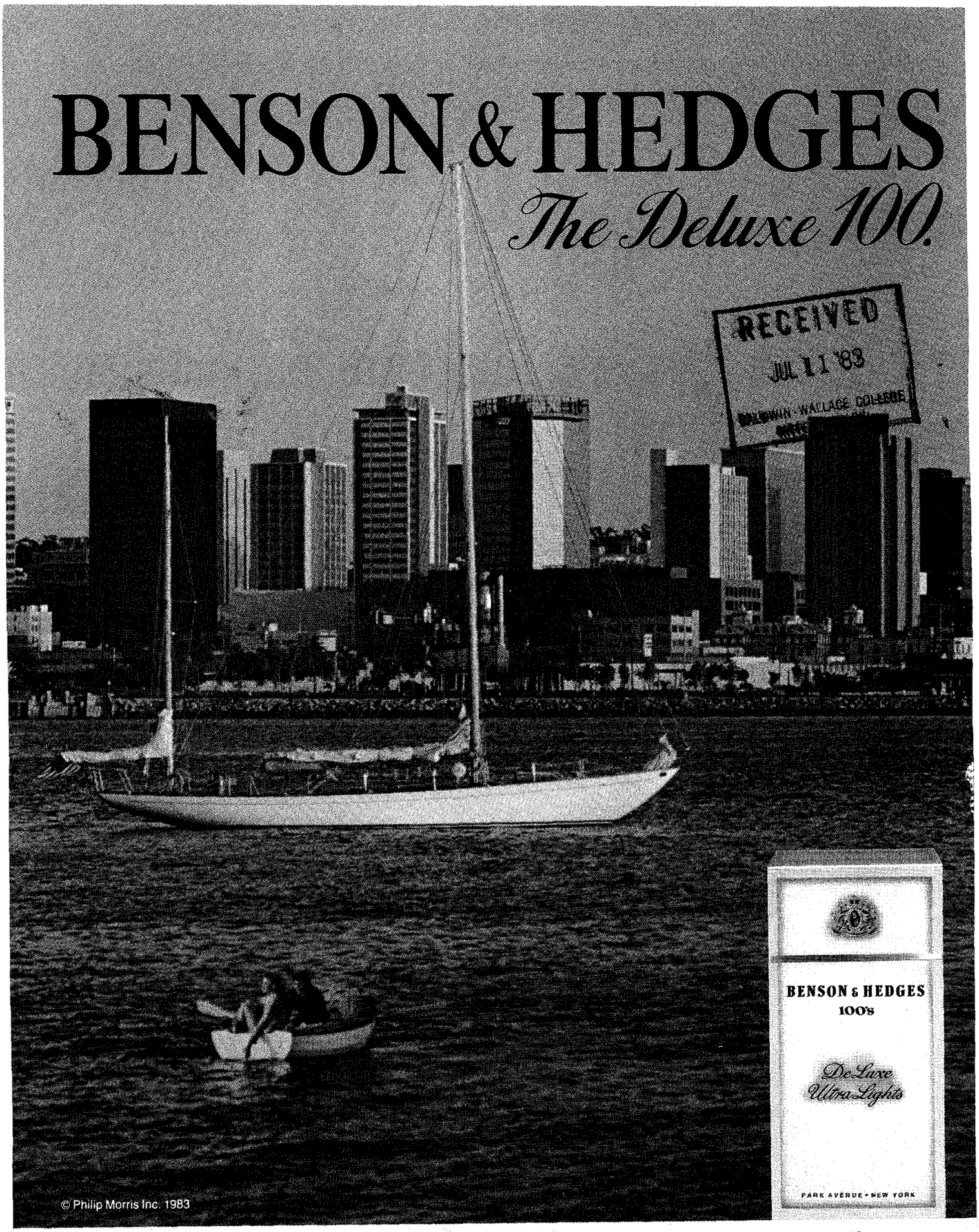

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